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FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

"The egoist thinks for himself, the egotist about himself." I take this excellent definition from Mr. Zangwill's "Without Prejudice," a volume of which my only complaint is that it is congested with ideas. In the essay called "A Vision of the Burden of Man," there is a list of the problems which Man has not yet solved. It occupies about five pages of small type, and may be commended to persons who are burning to set something right, but don't know where to begin. The world is obviously out of joint; but I am no bone-setter. Nothing inflames me with missionary zeal except one oversight in Mr. Zangwill's catalogue. He has omitted this important question: "Ought an author to expect his literary friends to review his book?" Here you have a good illustration of the difference between the egoist and the egotist. The egotist assumes that every reviewer of his acquaintance will sit down to his book, to the exclusion of all other business, and extol it into the fourth edition. The egoist is equally preoccupied with his immortal work; but he has grave doubts as to the duty of his reviewing friends. The book has come between them and him, and he is not sure whether it is a new bond of kindred or an icy barrier. How is he to be appeased and how are they to be justified?

If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to them do ease and grace to me,

the egoist may say, "I shall be glad to hear of it."

The question troubles me, because, with the sensitiveness of the egoist, I have noted with pain the absence of one or two of my friends from their usual haunts. One of them flitted spectrally across my gaze at the club the other day, and then vanished like a guilty thing. He was pale and distraught; the hearty greeting of yore was not in his voice; the merry twinkle had deserted his eye. It is possible that some maiden aunt had disappointed him of a legacy; he may be suffering from an internal malady; a host of reasons may account for the distance of his manner. But the misfortune of the egoist is that these suggestions, plausible as they are, do not relieve his mind of the dread that his book has driven his friend into the wilderness. Even as I write, that unfortunate man may be supping at a coffee-stall, fearful of visiting a restaurant, lest my presence should poison his meal! Hitherto our converse has been of literature; but how could he discuss that with the usual daring, when every glance from the egoist's eye stabbed him with the inquiry, "Why haven't you reviewed my book?" Here, then, is an excellent citizen, robbed of his club and his peace of mind, kept in hiding all day, and snatching some furtive refreshment (probably winkles) in the dead of night, and all because his "burden of man" is a book he doesn't want to review!

I am quite of Mr. Zangwill's opinion, that "the affectation of modesty is perhaps the most ludicrous of all human shams." He illustrates this with the delightful story of "the two Jews who quarrelled in synagogue, during the procession of palm-branches, because each wanted to be last, as befitted the humblest man in Israel, which each claimed to be." I feel that a similar struggle is going on between the egoist and the fugitive. The egoist does not pursue his friend to the coffee-stall and say, "Look here, old man; is it the maiden aunt, or is it the internal malady, or is it the book, that makes you behave like a pauper outcast? If it is the book, I am amazed at your want of taste and discrimination." And the fugitive does not march boldly into the club and say, "A word with you, Mr. Egoist. I don't want to write, talk, or think about your book; so you needn't fix your eyes eternally on me as if they were two confounded books asking for reviews!" On this basis, I think the pleasures of intimacy might be restored; but, as the case stands, our lives are sundered and embittered by an affectation of humility. What a different picture does Mr. Barrie give us of his mother in that enchanting biography, "Margaret Ogilvy"! She took it for granted that, being the only woman he knew, she must always be the heroine of his novels. When he read one of these aloud to her, and heralded the approach of the heroine, his mother went off into appreciative mirth at the sudden recognition of herself. He explained that it was quite a different heroine this time, a lady who dwelt in marble halls, attended by footmen; but his mother said, "Footman, bring me a glass of water," and laughed more gleefully than ever. That is the transfigured perfection of egoism. I should like to explain it to my friend, the fugitive, when he is sadly mumbling the winkles!

"The acid of analysis dissolves every ideal," says Mr. Zangwill; but surely not the egoist's ideal. There is a prodigious amount of analysis

in "Without Prejudice," a relentless ripping up of the gussets and seams which keep our conventional drapery together. But, like a young actress with her first "notices," I am still secure in the placid assumption that reviews have a great influence over the public. True, Mr. Shaylor, of the great "distributing" firm of Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. (I hope this civility is not too marked), tells us, in the *Nineteenth Century*, that reviews do not affect sales as they used to do, "and are frequently of interest to the author only." This is lamentable cynicism. Has the review no interest for the reviewer? On the faith of a pretty old hand in this business, I can swear that he frequently finds it more interesting than the book. It is a tradition in newspaper offices that a favourable notice has often increased the sale of the work in question by several hundred copies. I cannot say that the belief is founded on statistics; but what are they to pure egoism? Mr. Zangwill might analyse this tradition, and all his acid would be wasted. I admit that when the reviewing egoist turns author, he goes through a spiritual crisis. Himself the most leisurely of critics, he looks out impatiently for the reviewer now, crying with the mother of Sisera, "Why tarrieth his chariot?" Then Apollyon besets the egoist with the horrid suggestion that the favourable notice which sold hundreds of copies must be mythical; but he resists the assaults of the tempter. The sacred mysteries of his old calling must not be profaned.

But why hanker after sales? Why not be content with the authorship that blooms like the rose, and decorates the earth with its falling petals? Mr. Zangwill complains of the "huckstering spirit that has crept over literature." He censures "the contemporary gossip about the takings of authors, for the most part vastly exaggerated." But it is just this exaggeration which is so dear to the egoist. He does not want the money, mind you, so much as the repute of having an enormous number of readers. It is one of the unselfish pleasures of egoism to imagine the multitude refreshed and stimulated by your book. Mr. Shaylor tells an anecdote of an author who ordered copies of his great work from several booksellers, who were compelled to add them to the stock, because he left no address, and never called again. I do not share Mr. Shaylor's opinion that this was rank turpitude. It shows you the egoist in his most imaginative humour. The ordering of those copies was no mere huckstering; it was the exercise of a poetical fancy, helping the author to circulate his book in that realm of fancy which is the sovereign domain of egoism. If we are to be deprived of this satisfaction, what is the good of the imaginative faculty?

A little volume I wot of, in a white virginal cover, with a blue ribbon, has been gravely recommended by one of the ladies' journals as "a suitable wedding present." Why should the egoist conceal his innocent gratification at this compliment? He is a little embarrassed by another eulogy, which says that the book is worthy to lie on "the smoking-room table," to be dipped into, apparently, when the sprightly conversation is gravelled for lack of anecdote. This is flattering, no doubt; but a book which no smoking-room should be without does not quite commend itself as a wedding gift. I prefer to think of the happy pair poring over it together all the honeymoon, making it the foundation of their married happiness. I expect to receive rapturous letters, telling me that I am the patron saint of blessed households, and that the first baby has been named after me. Grateful spouses will remember me when they are celebrating their silver weddings, so that a new edition of the book twenty-five years hence may be regarded as assured. I may not be spared to see the sale for golden weddings; but my publisher, I know, is quite alive to the provision I have made for his posterity, A.D. 1946.

There is a beautiful passage in "Margaret Ogilvy" about journalism, "that grisette of literature who has a smile and a hand for all beginners, welcoming them at the threshold, teaching them so much that is worth knowing, introducing them to the other lady whom they have worshipped from afar, showing them even how to woo her, and then bidding them a bright God-speed—he were an ingrate who, having had her joyous companionship, no longer flings her a kiss as they pass." Mr. Barrie has long since gone over to the "other lady," but he adds regretfully, "Even now I think at times that there was more fun in the little sister." Well, the egoist is still content that the "little sister" should continue to lavish her graces upon him. Now and then, hand in hand, they may cross the border-line between journalism and literature, and call on the "other lady," and observe, with respectful interest, that Mr. Barrie has a suite of rooms in the "other lady's" abode; but they will return from this excursion, well pleased with the world and with one another, and with no thought of parting.





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This Company is formed to acquire, work, and extend, both at home and abroad, the successful and valuable business and rights of Maypole Soap, and provide adequate working capital to cope with its marvellous growth.

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"Having examined your Books for the nine months ending Sept. 30th, 1896, we find that the sales of Maypole Soap in the United Kingdom and the Colonies during that period have been as follows—

1896.	1896.	1896.
January .. 1,122 doz.	April .. 6,072 doz.	July .. 16,783 doz.
February .. 3,312 "	May .. 10,953 "	August .. 17,632 "
March .. 5,893 "	June .. 12,483 "	September .. 24,627 "
1st Quarter 10,327 doz.	2nd Quarter 29,508 doz.	3rd Quarter 59,042 doz."

Mr. Athelstan Dangerfield, Chartered Accountant, 17 and 18, Basinghall Street, London, E.C., in his report states as follows on the American and Foreign Trade—

"The Sole Consignees thereby appointed for their respective countries agree to purchase stipulated quantities of Maypole Soap (in some cases on a progressive scale). The minimum quantities specified in the Contracts already entered into will, when the Contracts are fully operative, amount to 6900 dozen per week.

"The Contracts are for periods of five or ten years, and contain varying conditions as to their prior determination or extension."

With reference to the combined Profits of the Home, Colonial, and Foreign Trade, Messrs. Izard and Izard, of 52, Gracechurch Street, E.C., Trade Accountants and Valuers to the Grocery and Drysaltery Trade, in their report state—

"We find, after providing ample margin for advertising, de, reclamation of patents, reserves, and all working and other expenses, except Directors' fees, that the profits upon—

"The Home and Colonial Trade, as per Sept. last .. 6156 doz. per week,

"The American and Foreign Trade (as per Contracts) .. 6900 doz. per week,

"Total .. 13,146 doz. per week,

should be equal, on the basis of the past advertising expenditure and the terms of the above-mentioned Contracts, to a net profit of £27,058 per annum.

"We also find that upwards of 50 per cent. of the present orders are repeat orders, and that the trade is on the increase."

Taking, therefore, the net profits as per the foregoing Certificate at £27,058 per annum (sufficient to pay the Preference Dividend nearly eight times over), and without making allowance for any increase, although the Colonial and Foreign Trade is quite in its infancy, the Directors have every reason to believe that the profits will be amply sufficient to pay the above-mentioned dividends of 7 per cent. on the Preference Shares and 12 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares, while a further large increase in the present rapid growth of the business is anticipated forthwith, owing to the fact that, since the above results were obtained, Maypole Soap, which has hitherto only been recommended for dyeing Silk, Satin, and Cotton Goods, &c., is now made to dye Wool, or Mixtures of Cotton and Wool.

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The purchase price has been fixed by the Vendors at £150,000, payable in Cash or Shares, Preference or Ordinary, at the option of the Directors, subject to the right of the Vendors to call for one third of the entire issue of each class of Shares; the Vendors are, however, willing to accept the whole of the purchase consideration in Shares if required.

For Contracts see full Prospectus.

Application will be made to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for a settlement and quotation in the Official List.

Where no allotment is made the deposit will be at once returned in full, and where a less number of Shares is allotted than that applied for the balance will be credited in reduction of the amount due on allotment.

Applications may be made on the Form below and forwarded to the Bankers or Secretary of the Company, together with a deposit of 2s. 6d. per Share.

The Contract for sale, and copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and the Reports, may be seen at the Offices of the Company.

Dec. 4, 1896.

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(Please write plainly)

Name in Full .. ..

Address .. ..

Description .. ..

Date .. .. 1896.

(Signed) .. ..

All Cheques to be made payable to the City Bank, Limited, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

\* State here whether Preference or Ordinary Shares.



## THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

Mr. C. M. Lowne, who is so breezy and cheery a Road-maker (Borgheim) in "Little Eyolf," was also an excellent Yorkshire Dick in "The Duchess of Coolgardie." A true Cockney—he was born in New Broad Street, E.C., well within the sound of Bow Bells—he is now thirty-three years of age, and, after starting life in Lloyd's, adopted the stage as a profession some twelve years ago. However, he had always been devoted

to theatricals, and made marked successes with several amateur clubs, notably the Strolling Players, and his first professional appearance was made at the Black-pool Winter Gardens in 1884 with Mr. J. L. Toole. Under that comedian's management he played the Hon. Claude Lorimer in "Uncle Dick's Darling," Charley Garner in "Dearer than Life," Sir Robert Boobleton and Walter Wrentmore in "The Upper Crust," Harry Stanley in "Paul Pry," and Percival Ransome in "Chawles." Owing to the sudden illness of Mr. Toole, in 1886 Mr. Lowne was called upon, at almost a moment's notice, to play Mephistopheles in "Faust and Loose," after which he was the Frank St. John in "The



MR. C. M. LOWNE.  
Photo by Crooke, Edinburgh.

Butler," took part in the skit called "Ruddygeorge," in "The Don" played Lionel Dallas, and when "Walker, London" was produced created the rôle of Kit Upjohn. In "Homburg" Mr. Lowne was the Sir Welldon Fletcher, Allen Skefford in "The Best Man," and A. V. Decker, the young American, in "Thoroughbred." He left Mr. Toole only last year, after a period of eleven years, having during that time paid two visits to Australia. At the Court Theatre he was the Albert Thayer in "An Astral Body," and in "The Muff of the Regiment," at the Strand, the Hon. Stanley Tibbitts, and Viscount Ashbrook in "Major Raymond," at Terry's. Added to the above, Mr. Lowne has played in "The Shuttlecock," "The Great Take In," "The O'Dora," "Going It," "Daisy's Escape," and "The Broken Sixpence."

If any proof were needed of the widespread interest in "Little Eyolf," it is to be found in the fact that the *New Age* devotes a column and a half to the play. Mr. Fletcher's weekly is anti-theatrical, and I am not aware that it ever dealt with a drama before. The article winds up with the declaration that Ibsen's play "undeniably fascinates one, and, despite its touching upon subjects the most sacred, should be seen by all except the very young."

And it is further fame for the play to have got a verse all to itself in "My Girl." Here is what my brilliant contributor Adrian Ross puts in the mouth of Miss Lillie Belmore at the Garrick. As the Mayoress of Porthampton, she is announcing her intentions—

When I am a lady I'll have my own way;  
I'll get young Mr. Ibsen to write a comic play,  
And I'll do it at a special matinée;  
No hasty French farces, immoral and vain,  
But something very tasty, with extra dry champagne,  
And the meaning, Dr. Ibsen will explain!  
When my husband is Sir Tom,  
When my darling is Sir Tom,  
None shall corner Ibsen from  
The extremely "Little Eyolf" Lady Tom.

I congratulate Miss Kate Rorke upon the reception given by American audiences to her Drusilla Ives in "The Dancing Girl" and Alix Duvarney in "The Seats of the Mighty" with Mr. Tree's company. Three of the latest appearances in London of this charmingly sympathetic actress were as the heroine of Mr. Francis's "A Blind Marriage," at the Criterion, as Saint Hulda in Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's unsuccessful Reformation drama at the Shaftesbury, and in the title-character of Mr. W. R. Walkes's "Mary Pennington, Spinster." Looking back through Miss Kate Rorke's stage career, I rank as among her best parts first, of course, her Leslie Brudenell in "The Profligate," her Esther Eccles in the revival of "Caste" at the Garrick early in 1894, her Sophia, and her Kate Derwent in "A Fool's Paradise." Her present success in America as Mr. Tree's leading lady will come almost as balm in Gilead after her recent domestic sorrow. Her elder sister, Miss Mary Rorke, who is to play the Duchess of York in "Richard III." at the Lyceum, was the Elizabeth in Mr. Richard Mansfield's revival at the Globe in 1889, the late Miss Carlotta Leclercq being then the Duchess of York.

Yet another theory with regard to the suburban theatre. I was talking to a manager of many years and much experience about one or two productions in whose receipts there has been a recent drop, and he spoke very strongly against the practice of sending to suburban theatres a company presenting a prosperous London play. He pointed out that a part of the average London house relies upon suburban patronage, that no manager does well to send a living Metropolitan success to the doors of people who do not mind coming to town. "Have suburban theatres, by all means," he said; "but give them good things not being done in town at the moment. The idea that people will want to see the best version after the second best is not a correct one, for the patrons of the theatre devote a certain amount of time and money to the theatre, and do not exceed it." These remarks, coming from a man well qualified to speak, must have an interesting bearing on the suburban theatre question.

Mr. Augustin Daly and his lamented late principal comedian, Mr. James Lewis, held diametrically opposed views with regard to the "thirteen" fad. Mr. Lewis generally refused to undertake or begin to study a new part on either a Friday or the thirteenth of the month. Neither would he occupy a room 13 at a hotel, a section 13 in a sleeping-car, or a state-room 13 on a steamer. *Per contra*, Mr. Daly, who pooh-poohs this numerical superstition, avers that Mr. Lewis made one of the greatest successes in the part of Sir Patrick Lundie, in Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife," on Sept. 13, 1870, just twenty-six years before the day of his burial. That was at the very outset of Miss Clara Morris's engagement under Mr. Daly's auspices. Friday, this sensible manager goes on to say, has been the opening-day of some of his most successful seasons.

Mr. Henry Hamilton's very nearly tragic monologue, "Fortune's Fool," in which Mr. Lewis Waller used to play so strongly, has lately been performed in the provinces, in conjunction with "An Ideal Husband," Mr. Cosmo Stuart appearing as Philip Challoner, the unhappy young man who commits suicide just before his beloved one is heard knocking at his door on succour bent. The leading parts in Mr. Charles Hawtrey's "An Ideal Husband" company are being filled by Mr. Cosmo Stuart, Miss Alma Stanley, Miss Gwynne Herbert, and Mr. Frank Fenton. By quite another company "Lady Windermere's Fan" has just been revived.

Mr. John Coleman in producing two plays during his brief reign at Drury Lane has something to congratulate himself on. Furthermore,



MR. JOHN COLEMAN.  
Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

he has introduced English playgoers to a very charming actress in the person of Miss Hilda Spong, who is not at all likely to be lost sight of now that she has once got a hearing.



## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

What a gorgeous opportunity is offered by the new production of "As You Like It" to the critic of acting! Alas! I am no such critic; I cannot carry in my clumsy mind for twenty years, or even one, such a nice recollection of any performance that I feel justified in comparing with it what is at present before me. Some people have, or, at least, pretend to have, the power to conjure up the past so vividly as to feel warranted in assuming that they know the exact relation between it and the things of to-day.

I always hesitate, doubt. I wonder whether I should to-day have the same view of things which delighted me ten years ago. The phrase about our changing with the times, even if you put it into Latin, is as obvious as the pretty commonplaces of the banished Duke, and it suggests an important truth. Possibly when I saw Mrs. Langtry as Rosalind, perhaps when I exulted in the brilliant acting of Miss Ada Rehan, my mind was in a sympathetic humour which I cannot bring about again. It is necessary to make haste to say that there is much worthy of admiration in the Rosalind of Miss Julia Neilson, which is vastly better than many of us expected it would be. It may be that her comedy has too strong a flavour of the footlights, that she hardly appreciates the value of reticence and repose; nevertheless, she realised many of the scenes and was a joy to the eye in all.

It is pleasant to have seen actually on the stage some of the passages generally cut. I suppose that, after saying I believe "As You Like It" to be the most delightful piece of writing of its style that ever has been given, I am entitled to add that constant repetition by players has dulled my ears to many of the more popular passages, and I could wish that the inevitable cutting might be done in the scenes that were rendered painful to me at school. I sometimes fancy that the real Shakspeare enthusiasts are those so lucky as not to have been drilled into the beauties of the dramatist, till they came to loathe him, in the days when they wore tall collars and short jackets. The Orlando of Mr. George Alexander was a most able piece of quiet, unforced, powerful acting. Very few of the scenes really belonged to him, and in none did he seem wittingly to act the usurper; yet he was rarely on the boards without being the vital character, and he set an example not too religiously followed in the matter of elocution. Oh for a few columns in which nicely to apportion praise and blame among members of so large a company! Fortunately, it is sufficient to say of most of them that they did their duty creditably. I durst not thus lightly dismiss Miss Dorothea Baird, with her strange, modern, mystic charm, which, if not exactly suggesting Phœbe, at least caught the fancy of her many admirers. Nor would I like to overlook Mr. W. H. Vernon, the best representative in my time of the melancholy, somewhat tedious Jacques. I never suspected that Touchstone and Voltaire were related. However, Mr. H. V. Esmond seems to think so, and since his comic François-Marie Arouet was very strong, clever, and interesting, I do not like to complain of his curious make-up. It is strange that the best impressions of the performance are of the delightful singing of the cuckoo song by Miss Julia Neilson and the fascinating incidental music of Mr. Edward German. Despite my prejudice, born of school-day trial, I have it in my mind to see once more Mr. George Alexander's admirable presentation of the lovely play which fascinated Théophile Gautier, whom I humbly worship.

That Jack Hammersley will ever be one of the really popular creations of our Arthur is improbable. He never seems to have got quite into the gown of the part, to say nothing of the wig. I should be loth to suggest that the great laughter-breeder is losing his power. Possibly the improvements made in "The White Silk Dress" will render it a success, and, seeing that Mr. Harry Dam has already done clever work, it is to be hoped this will be the case. I do not care to express a positive opinion, for I find myself such a prejudiced being that, if a first edition does not please me, I rarely see merit in the second. The audience seemed well pleased, and there is no lack of lively work, pretty costumes, and pleasant acting to form a framework for the ingenious "funniments" of our Arthur.

I ventured to prophesy that "My Girl" would soon become everybody's girl—possibly the astute will suggest that there is something defamatory in the phrase, which, however, I use in good faith. That this musical go-as-you-please is the best of its class, I do not pretend, but the very clever rhymes of Mr. Adrian Ross and the swinging music of Dr. Osmond Carr render it very taking. Everyone knows that the hit of the affair is the McGregor of Mr. John Le Hay. One cannot get away from the fact that his acting was of remarkable skill. Luckily there is other good work in the piece, and one must welcome the manly style and capital singing of Mr. Louis Bradfield; the charming quality of Miss Ethel Sidney, who perhaps one of these days will give us something of serious value. The comic acting of Mr. Alfred Asher was clever. Judging by the applause of the audience, it will be some time before the Garrick Theatre is once more the home of real drama.

One feels an under-note of sadness in considering "The Circus Girl," for it appears that the reason that Mr. Adrian Ross is associated with Mr. Harry Greenbank is due to the fact that the latter has been ordered away from England on account of his health. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that these two very clever writers of light rhymes are hardly at their best. Indeed, so far as the lyrics are concerned, "The

Circus Girl" is a patchwork, and I fancy there was a third hand who wrote the silly, clumsy stanzas "She Never did the Same Thing Twice," which are evidently meant to take the place in popular favour of "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down her Back."

So far as music is concerned, "The Circus Girl" is of the best of its class. Mr. Ivan Caryll was not quite so successful as usual, yet wrote little that has not life and prettiness; and Mr. Lionel Monckton scored the biggest hits. His song of the circus girl "La Favorita," charmingly sung by Miss Ethel Haydon, had a really swinging refrain, and the three most charming, graceful, and even, to some extent, original numbers, "A Wet Day," "A Little Bit of String," and "Clowns," came from his pen. Curiously, it chanced that the great success of the evening was due to Miss Connie Ediss's capital singing of new words to an old tune. She gave it very cleverly, and, had it been placed earlier in the evening, encores, almost by the dozen, would in all probability have been the result.

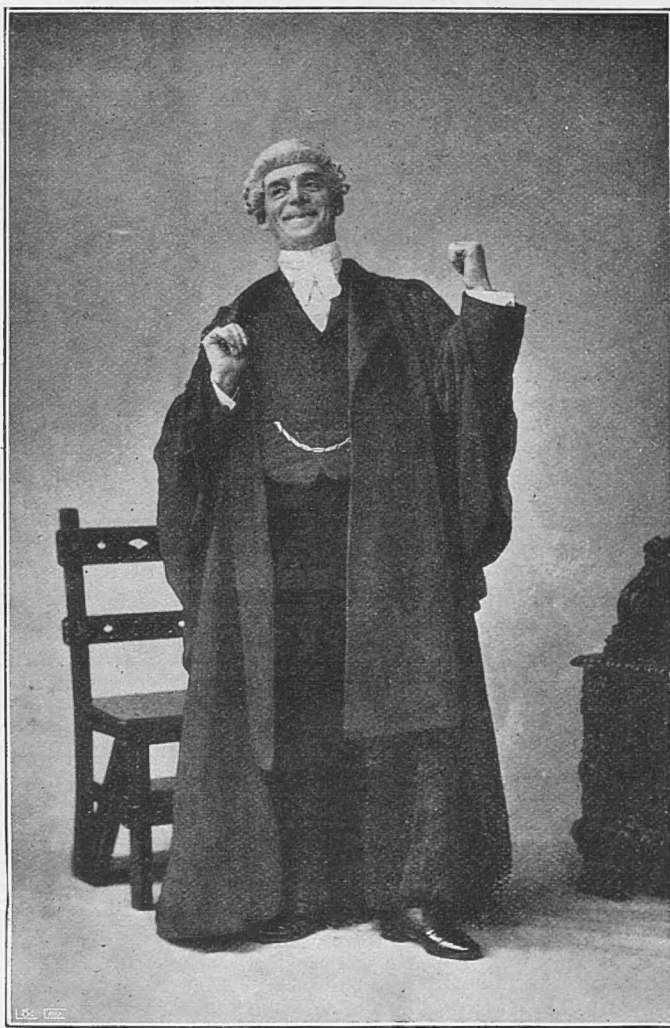
I do not know that one need say much concerning the book. Part of it has been suggested by a German piece, and the whole, if not brilliant, forms a passable framework. Moreover, I feel grateful to Mr. Tanner and Mr. Palings for not treating the love-affairs sentimentally; we have had more than enough of sickly, sentimental, incongruous love-scenes in pieces which are obviously insincere from whatever point of view they may be taken.

What are the most vivid impressions one has of the evening?

First I think of Mr. Edmund Payne and Miss Katie Seymour. His efforts at humour, as the little barman who challenges the huge Turkish wrestler, never failed to catch the audience. The pair together as clowns were delightfully curious. One longed for more dancing of Miss Katie, daintiest and most individual of our dancers. With distrust, I discovered the fact that she is clever as a pantomimist and has a pleasant little singing voice—with distrust, for the tendency of first-class dancers to be led away from their true work, if they have an aptitude for acting or singing, is serious, and we have had several sad cases already.

Perhaps the second impression is of pretty Miss Haydon, whose singing improves, whose voice grows fuller, who is learning how to act; already she is charming—what may she not become with youth and such gifts on her side? Miss Ellaline Terriss is set as the star, and, star-like, is a little out of place in this class of work. Her saying of "A Little Bit of String" was very clever, but her dancing is heavy, and her pantomime somewhat amateurish. It can hardly be said that Mr. Seymour Hicks was of very great service, despite his energy and activity; however, he got two encores.

A last impression is a gorgeousness, gaiety, lovely dresses, and beautiful girls partly in them, of hearty applause, and some signs of impatience at the length of the show. But there is good stuff in "The Circus Girl," and it will possibly have as great a popularity as any of its recent predecessors.



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS IN "THE WHITE SILK DRESS."

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.





MISS JULIA NEILSON, NOW APPEARING AS ROSALIND, AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



## SMALL TALK.

There are few men in London at the moment who are compelled to work harder than Oscar Barrett, who is producing five pantomimes this year. Rehearsals commenced last Wednesday at Drury Lane, and the drilling of the chorus began. I looked in for a preliminary inspection and a chat with Neil Forsyth, and while in his office saw a programme of Mr. Barrett's engagements during the coming month. If any criminal doing "hard time" has as much to get through, our prison laws stand in urgent need of reform. On some days Mr. Barrett will hold a full rehearsal in London from ten a.m. to one p.m., another at Birmingham at five p.m., and be back in time for another in town at half-past ten the following morning. If the rehearsals were merely a matter of looking on, it would be tiring enough, but with every production there is an enormous amount of worry and responsibility that the man at the helm cannot easily share with anybody. At Drury Lane, with Neil Forsyth in the front of the house and Arthur Collins on the stage, the work will run smoothly, but nobody outside a theatre can have any idea of the worry involved in the production of a big pantomime. It is enough to make the most hardened critic shed sympathetic tears.

I think that by the time people are going out of London for Christmas the main West-End thoroughfares will be quite passable, with a possible exception in the case of Grosvenor Street. In its best, cleanest, and brightest aspect, the capital is somewhat grim and grimy, but during the past few months it has been intolerable. The people whose business it has been to look after the electric-lighting arrangements, and to tear up roads and thoroughfares as though they were of no use to anybody, cannot be altogether congratulated on the result. Certainly the requirements of the average citizen have not been particularly considered. I cannot recall a more unpleasant autumn in town. With bad weather, crowded roads, startled horses, and angry drivers, the poor pedestrian has had a bad time. A shower of bad language and a mud-bath are no pleasant additions to the usual troubles of the street. There is just room for consolation in the thought that the present generation will not suffer in this way again, for, by the time a new invention has superseded electric-light as a street illuminant, we shall probably be in another, if not a better world.

In a recent issue I gave a peculiarly gross example of the way that one particular publisher disfigures his books. I might have gone farther, and said that no man who can find it in his heart to stamp a deep-purple die across the pages of a book, for any cause whatsoever, should have anything to do with literature at all. However, it would seem that Mr. Redway will not distress my bibliophile proclivities again, for he writes to me as follows—

Mr. Redway's attention has been drawn to a paragraph in your issue of Nov. 18. Had he been asked, he could have given a reason for defacing reviewers' copies—though his explanation would not have redounded to the credit of reviewers. Under the circumstances, he has caused *Sketch* to be removed from the Free List, which he trusts will suit all parties.

"All parties"! What a deliciously literary expression for a publisher, by the way. Mr. Redway is, I fancy, a very young man, and a beginner. He will scarcely increase the number of his clients by letting them know that he will henceforth shut them out from one, and perhaps two, of the three most widely circulating sixpenny journals in the English-speaking world. Having published a book myself, I can testify from experience to the eagerness and thankfulness with which an author looks for and accepts the smallest notice in journals with less than a tenth of the circulation of *The Sketch*.

But I have not yet done with Mr. Redway. He writes to the *St. James's Gazette* as follows—

A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of sending several gentlemen in the position of editors of newspapers a couple of volumes which I had just published. In accordance with custom, the books were stamped in a way to denote to all whom it concerned that the books had not been purchased, but presented for the purpose of being reviewed in the interest of subscribers to the newspapers. The editor of *Sketch* has seen fit to permit the appearance in his paper of some paragraphs commenting upon this custom, in the course of which I am described in large letters as "Mr. Redway, the Champion Defacer." I therefore trust that you will allow me to explain (1) that publishers are accustomed to present copies of new books for review; (2) that sometimes the books sent for this purpose are found exposed for sale on a bookstall or doing duty even in the circulating library; (3) that, in the interests of the proprietors of the copyright, it is necessary to check the practice of selling books sent for review; and (4) that the only way of doing so involves "ear-marking" the copies in the manner described.

"Mr. Redway is entitled to his protest," says the writer of the charming literary notes in the *St. James's Gazette*. "The critics may complain against having review copies disfigured; but there are ways of doing this without inventing abusive nicknames, the origin of which is always open to misconstruction."

Mr. Redway, however, is under several misconceptions. The publishers send review copies of books to the Press because they expect to get an equivalent—and more than an equivalent—for doing so. It is sheer nonsense for him to say that he sends them in the interest of subscribers to the newspapers; he does not care about the subscribers to the newspapers, he cares only about pushing his own business. This being the case, any given newspaper—especially when it is absolutely indifferent whether Mr. Redway sends his handful of books per annum or not—is entitled to object to receiving copies which are defaced in the exceedingly

disagreeable way in which Mr. Redway defaces them. That there are reviewers who sell the books after they have done with them has nothing to do with the question. *The Sketch* critic, I may say in passing, do not. The one position which I have taken here and elsewhere, and shall continue to take until the practice is abandoned, is that it is wicked to disfigure any book, and that, the handsomer the book be, the more shameless is that disfigurement, especially when practised as Mr. Redway practises it. A feeling of sensitiveness over the production of books as an almost sacred occupation should prevent any high-minded publisher from deliberately disfiguring one of his own creations, as it were. The thing should be protested against, apart from any grievance the publisher may have as to the sale of review copies.

In the second place, a publisher has no right to approach the editor of a newspaper with the implied insult that that editor proposes to carry the book to the nearest shop for sale. Whether the books are sold or not, the publisher has no right to disfigure them. Whether sold or not, the publisher gets far more than his equivalent in cheap advertisement. When our two oldest publishing houses, so much esteemed on every side—Messrs. Longmans and Mr. John Murray—have within the last year or two abandoned the practice of stamping their books, we may be quite certain that it is not destined to last much longer. No very serious objection can be raised to the mild kind of disfigurement which is practised by Messrs. Macmillan, but I am quite sure that, when the point is brought prominently to their notice, men so capable and so full of literary refinement as Mr. George Macmillan, Mr. Frederick Macmillan, and Mr. George Lillie Craik—who represent Macmillans, Limited—are not likely to keep up even that moderate amount of disfigurement for any length of time. Mr. Redway's plea that he acts in the interest of the proprietors of the copyright is sheer nonsense. Where the proprietors of the copyright are the authors, there can be no question of their feelings in the matter. "Reviews at any price" is their cry.

When all is said and done, Utah cannot get on without polygamy, and perhaps the fact that a Mormon may still hope to see eighty-seven wives soothing his dying pillow will again send a tide of pilgrims to the Salt Lake City. Polygamy has, of course, been abolished by law, but all good Mormons make it a point to evade the law, for they consider polygamy of divine origin, and practise it as an act of atonement for sin. As can easily be imagined, this state of things is not without its humour. As long as the much-married man is alive, he is bound to make some attempt to conceal his domestic circumstances, lest some Gentile judge should come along and cause him what is significantly styled "great worryment" by sending him to jail; but as soon as one of the elect is dead, his wives muster at the grave, and, attired in the deepest mourning, receive together the condolences of their co-religionists. Utah is very salt indeed.

I have long been a great admirer of Mr. Charles Dalton. He conquered me when he used to play Mercutio to Miss Lingard's Juliet. I regretted his wasting his powers at the Adelphi, and rejoiced to see him figure at the Lyceum as the Michael who lost his angel and his life also—Brancomir senior to wit. But I have not been able to rise to the enthusiasm of the Americans, for whom he is playing Marcus Superbus in "The Sign of the Cross." The *Chicago Tribune*, for instance, heads a long article on him thus—

THEY JUST DOTE ON HIM.

New York Matinée Girls have found a New Idol.

This must be bad news for Herbert Kecey, Maurice Barrymore, and John Drew, who have long held, in their several ways, that honoured position. Mr. Dalton has, at any rate, one superiority over his rivals—that is, in point of size. He is said to be the tallest and broadest actor now performing at New York matinées, and certainly the very name Marcus Superbus implies a fine physique. This reminds me that, not so very, very long ago, Mr. Wilson Barrett was much admired by the British lady playgoer, and photographs of the actor, as he appeared in "The Lights of London," and in some of the popular parts at the Princess's in the old days, found their way into many a dainty boudoir.

Mr. E. T. Hooley, of Risley Hall, Derby, one of the newly appointed Lieutenants of the City of London, has offered (through Archdeacon Sinclair) to present St. Paul's Cathedral with a gold Communion service in commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's accession. The service will consist of two flagons, four chalices, and four patens, and contain more than two hundred and fifty ounces of pure gold. The Dean and Chapter have formally accepted Mr. Hooley's offer. The order has been entrusted to the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company.

Frank Boyd, of the *Pelican*, has been as successful as ever in getting out an entertaining Christmas number, to which all the "stars" of the stage contribute. Fact, fiction, photographs, and poetry go to make a very bright, readable number, which will be widely read. I had no idea that Miss Mabel Love added verse-making to her many accomplishments, but the *Pelican* contains some quaint verses above her signature. Barney Barnato, Arthur Roberts, Wilson Barrett, and George Edwardes are among the male contributors; while the ladies include Agnes Hewitt, Florence St. John, and Ellaline Terriss. I expect that I shall find Frank Boyd looking ten years older, if he hasn't turned quite grey. He declares that the worry and anxiety of his Christmas number would kill anybody who lacked an iron constitution. However, the result is worth the work.



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Much as I admire Mr. C. D. Gibson, it is extraordinary that so great an artist should prove himself so absolutely inconsequential as he has done in his attempts to illustrate Dickens. The *Ladies' Home Journal* of Philadelphia commences in its December number a series of Dickens illustrations, the subject being Old Scrooge, from "A Christmas Carol." There is not the least touch of humour or of human interest in the picture, and it affords a curious contrast to what the late Mr. Fred Barnard would have done with the same subject. Mr. Barnard was able to enter perfectly into the humour of Dickens; Mr. Gibson clearly is not. By the way, *Cassell's Magazine* for December, the first number under Mr. Max Pemberton's editorship, gives a portfolio of Fred Barnard's Dickens illustrations.

Some curious funeral rites were performed at Arras the other day. Just as the grave was about to be closed over the remains of a "good fellow," one of his boon companions obeyed the dead man's injunctions by pouring a litre of gin into the cavity, accompanying the libation by a few rhetorical phrases. Then, from another vessel he filled the glasses of the other mourners, and, not content with this, they afterwards adjourned to a neighbouring tavern, there to drink further to the memory of the dear departed. The most heathenish of heathens could not have surpassed these Bacchanalian rites.

Of the three most famous West End thoroughfares, Bond Street, Regent Street, and Piccadilly, it is curious to remark how few structural changes have been made in the two former during the last thirty or forty years, how many in the latter. An individual walking from Oxford Circus to Piccadilly Circus, after a lengthy absence from London, would find no noticeable change on his way but the disappearance of Hanover Chapel, and, of course, at the latter Circus itself, the arrival of the fountain and the London Pavilion, where once stood the Quadrant (with its well-known glove-shop) and the little street behind it. This remark applies almost equally to the straight and somewhat narrow length of Old and New Bond Street. But Piccadilly is changed from end to end. Comparatively mean-looking houses have grown into palatial buildings; the old-fashioned wine-merchant's offices that were once the terminal point west on the southern side are now represented by the imposing structure of the Isthmian Club and Walsingham House; dwelling-houses have made room for large and fashionable clubs, as in the cases of the Junior Constitutional, the Badminton, the New Travellers, and the Piccadilly and Bachelors' Clubs; Palmerston's fine house, with a great new wing, is now the Naval and Military. Henry Thomas Hope's

mansion, where once reposed the matchless collection of Dutch pictures, afterwards removed to Deepdene, though not much altered externally, is now the Junior Athenæum.

Coventry House, built on the site of the old Greyhound Inn in the last century, has long housed the members of the St. James's Club; while it seems more than probable that its next-door neighbour, Hertford House—where early in the century stood the Pulteney Hotel, which entertained the Emperor of Russia during the memorable visit of the Allied Sovereigns in 1814—the residence of the late Sir Julian Goldsmid,

will also be turned into a club. Bath House, looking very mournful since the death of its last owner, Baron Hirsch, has repeatedly changed hands during the last few years, and has also changed its appearance, having recently acquired a coat of paint over its time-honoured brickwork. Indeed, of all the great houses that the older ones among us can remember in Piccadilly, I believe only four remain in the hands of the same families who owned them five-and-twenty years ago.

Devonshire House, of course, is still the property of the Dukes of Devonshire. Apsley House, built by Apsley, Earl of Bathurst, remains the town mansion of the Dukes of Wellington; while between these two we find Gloucester House—where Lord Elgin temporarily housed the famous Elgin Marbles—still occupied by the Duke of Cambridge in spite of the improvers having tried to lure him away, that the entrance to Park Lane might be widened; and No. 80, and the red-brick house at the corner of Stratton Street, which adjoins it, yet in the hands of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who inherited

the former from her father, Sir Francis Burdett, the latter from Mrs. Coutts, afterwards the Duchess of St. Albans. It was from No. 80, by the way, that Sir Francis Burdett was taken to the Tower,

having sustained a memorable siege, what time the Sergeant-at-Arms, according to a poetaster of the day, "serenaded" the famous politician—

The lady she sat and she played on the lute,  
And she sang, "Will you come to the bower?"  
The Sergeant-at-Arms had stood hitherto mute,  
But now he advanced, like an impudent brute,  
And said, "Will you come to the Tower?"

Sir Francis and the Sergeant-at-Arms might recognise the immediate scene of this serenade, but its surroundings would, I expect, be all unfamiliar to them both.



*Field-Marshal, The Duke of Wellington's Hat—  
Elizabeth, Duchess of Wellington*



The "Book of Beauty" which Messrs. Hutchinson have issued has been a great success. Of the portraits of the American beauties none has excited more admiration than that of Lady Naylor-Leyland, who appeared first in London society as Miss Jenny Chamberlain, and six or seven years ago married the son of Colonel Naylor-Leyland, of Nantclwyd, who is now Sir Herbert Naylor-Leyland. Since her marriage Lady Naylor-Leyland has entertained a great deal, and royalty



LADY NAYLOR-LEYLAND.—EDWARD HUGHES.

Reproduced by permission from Mrs. Williamson's "Book of Beauty." (Hutchinson and Co.)

has several times dined and danced at her beautiful house at Albert Gate; but a year or more ago she had a bad attack of typhoid fever, and is still suffering from its effects, so that at the last big dinner-party she gave she was obliged to be carried down the marble stairs, instead of walking with the Prince of Wales, who was the guest of the night. The portrait in which (to quote the American poet who has written verses to her)

she stands,  
In sweet, unconscious challenge to the world,  
Fair as the happy lilies in her hands,

was painted by Edward Hughes. Another notable American is the young Duchess of Marlborough, whose portrait has caused quite a fashion in Carolyns Duran, and both Lady Warwick and Lady Naylor-Leyland have bespoken portraits from him since the book came out.

It is many years now since the Rothschild family took a firm social and financial position in England, and a future head of the house is Master Anthony de Rothschild, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild, of Ascott Park, where Sir John Millais' fine portrait now hangs; but Lady Battersea wrote the couplet which appears opposite his portrait in the book at Tring Park, Lord Rothschild's home. The difficulty of collecting the literary and artistic contributions must have been very great indeed, as, the expenses being already so high, it was impossible to pay for contributions. Yet there are as many really big names in the book as would have sufficed to fill a series of the original volumes; to name just a few, Rudyard Kipling, Hall Caine, Lord Dufferin (then Ambassador in Paris), George Moore, Theodore Watts, "Violet Fane," the wife of our Ambassador in Constantinople, Princess Henry of Pless, the Duchess of Leeds, the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Waterford, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Lady Jersey, Lord Lorne, Lord Crewe, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, Mr. Mallock, Mr. Hamilton Aidé, as well as Lord Onslow and Mr. George Curzon, who are both in the present Ministry and both rising men, and Lady Granby, who is something more than the future Duchess of Rutland—a real artist, who would have made her name and fame in any station.

From another source I get the charming portrait of little Miss Lockett. One day she may form a page in a "Book of Beauty."

I shall be obliged if Maynes Lindsay, the writer of a story called "The Prelude to a Life," would send me his (or her) address. Why couldn't it have been written on the manuscript?

One of my representatives discoursed last week upon flowered dress-waistcoats. Now comes the momentous announcement (in *Minister's Gazette of Fashion*) that embroidered dress-coats are going to carry everything before them this winter and spring. "The trade," that mysterious entity which rules the progress of such matters, has taken kindly to the idea, and perhaps we are within measurable distance of the elaborate and dainty garments affected by the more prosperous of our forefathers. There is certainly room for improvement in the present dress-coat, and a certain amount of neat embroidery on the collar and facing silk would undoubtedly offer a variety. Of course, everything will depend on how and where the idea is taken up. Though there is no Beau Brummel to lead the fashion, a great deal of "follow my leader" still obtains in these matters, and if only his Royal Highness will show the way many will be found to emulate his example.

Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, who has been ordered a sea-voyage by his doctor, will sail for India this week, accompanied by Mrs. Harmsworth. Mr. Harmsworth, who will be in India for two months at least, will move into his new house in June. This house is next door to Lord Rosebery's in Berkeley Square.

I note that Dr. A. Stodart-Walker has been delivering one of "the health lectures for the people" in Edinburgh, his subject having been "Habit and Control: in their Relation to Health and Disease." He has inherited the literary gift of his uncle, Professor Blackie, and writes with skill on a subject that might be made very dull. Dr. Stodart-Walker is still interested in undergraduates. He figured at the recent bazaar that the Edinburgh men got up the other day for an athletic field,



LITTLE MISS LOCKETT.

From a Painting by R. E. Morrison.

and he is the representative for Edinburgh in the "Scottish Students' Song-Book," a work that has had an enormous circulation and is running into a new and improved edition. Dr. Stodart-Walker resides in Edinburgh with his aunt, Mrs. Blackie, who, despite her nearly fourscore years, is full of vitality and charm.

War is raging among the representatives of the nations in China. The Foreign Club in Peking is at once the scene and the cause of the strife, and the tale of trouble runs as follows. Early in the present year the members of the French and Russian Legations seceded from the Club, as they declared that English influence was in the ascendant to such a degree that it was inconsistent with the dignity of those of other nationalities to remain. It was generally understood that the French Minister, Count Cassini, initiated this idea, while it was known that he had expressed a wish, equivalent to a command, that the members of his Chancery should cease to belong to the Club. The secession took place without much friction, and the episode was looked on as closed, when the members of the Club, English and Americans for the most part, were informed by the attendants that the French Minister was in the habit of spending an hour or two in the building soon after sunrise for the purpose of looking over the papers. This statement was barely credited at first, but, when found to be true, an official letter was sent to the Count by the Club Committee requesting him to discontinue these visits unless he should wish to again enter the Club as a member. The reply of the Minister was that he considered the Club diplomatic in its character, and that he was in his rights in visiting it. He was informed of his mistake, but does not appear to have accepted the explanation. After remonstrating with the *doyen* of the Diplomatic Corps on the subject, his Excellency left for Corea, for change of air, but it will be some time before the matter which made this step necessary is forgotten.

It is sad to think that anyone of that fast decreasing band of some two hundred heroes who remained after the brilliant if mistaken charge of the Light Cavalry at Bala-klava should want for the comforts, much less the necessities, of life in his old age, and with this sentiment I feel certain that the readers of *Sketch* will unanimously agree. I am glad, therefore, to take this opportunity of bringing to their notice the case of James Olley, of the B troop of the 4th Light Dragoons. Olley was an eye-witness of the death of the ill-fated Captain Nolan, who, having delivered his so terribly misunderstood message to Lord Lucan, placed himself at the head of a troop, and was almost the first to fall in the historic charge. He was struck by a shell in the breast, and James Olley saw his charger turn back towards the camp, the corpse of the young officer still in the saddle. He saw, too, Lord Cardigan's grey horse leap the Russian guns; he saw his comrades fall like leaves around him; and, when he had fought his way back again, he had himself lost an eye and bore a terrible sabre-cut, as well as three other wounds. Olley was the rough-rider to his regiment,

and he has honourably maintained himself and his family by colt-breaking at Holt, in Norfolk. Now, I understand, he has been lamed by the kick of a horse, and must give up his employment. If any of my readers care to brighten this heroic veteran's Christmas and cheer his latter days, they may send subscriptions to Mr. Mortlock Roberts, of Brinton Hall, Melton Constable, who is much interested in the case.

Sweet-voiced nightingales, harsh-voiced nightjars, sober-clad larks, and gorgeous goldfinches, woodpeckers, kingfishers (if there are any left), together with swallows and swifts, and various chats and warblers in the county of Middlesex, should hold a thanksgiving service without delay, and should more particularly invoke blessings on the head of Mr. Montagu Sharpe, the Chairman of the Wild-birds' Protection Committee, for that gentleman appears to have obtained a close time for them which lasts, practically, all the year round. No one but the Cockney sportsman (?), and those very early bird-catchers who are seen on a Sunday morning, will regret the action which has obtained from the Home Secretary the order extending the usual close time, which lasted from Feb. 1 to Aug. 31, to a close time of all the year round, and it is much to be hoped that other Councils, particularly those of Surrey, Kent, and Hertfordshire, will follow the most admirable example which Middlesex has set them. As usual, we are busy about locking the stable-door when a good many of our steeds have been carried off; but even in our nearer suburbs there are still wild-birds which must yearn for a "protection order." I only regret that blackbirds, thrushes, and robins do not appear to be included in the list of songsters whom it is thought well to save. This new order will also enable the magistrates to deal with those delightful youths who could torture our feathered friends as much as they pleased because these latter were not "domestic animals."

Paris fashions are certainly very retrospective. Before the winter is out we may

see all the smartest and most up-to-date girls going back to the curious coiffure of the early 'twenties, when the hair was brushed straight up and tied on the top of the head in a little bunch of curls. Sometimes you will see a very old lady with her hair arranged in this fashion, the short curls being held down on each side of the face with a little comb. Should this mode ever become really generally adopted, it will be a good thing for those who have short, curly hair, for the long, luxuriant locks which it seems to be the aim of every woman to possess or acquire will be at a discount, or will be cut off to make up bunches of what used to be significantly called "pin-curls."



ANTHONY DE ROTHSCHILD.—SIR JOHN MILLAIS.

Reproduced by permission from Mrs. Williamson's "Book of Beauty." (Hutchinson and Co)



I fancy that many lovers of animals will be interested to learn the result of some extraordinary hypnotic experiments made by a great New York specialist in a circus or menagerie. If what he asserts is true, lion-tamers may look forward to a comparatively easy time, for whenever one of his patients turns restive he will only have to flash a hypnotic mirror before its eyes; and, again, the strains of a violin were found to have a distinctly soothing effect on lions, tigers, and panthers. As might easily be supposed, the monkey lends itself best to hand magnetism, and can be ordered to do, when hypnotised, any trick already learnt by it. Still, the story of the four kangaroos who executed "on their own" a kind of quadrille to the air of "The Angels' Serenade" throws a doubt, methinks, over the other statements made by the hypnotist and his plucky companion, Miss Kate Swan, a young lady



A HYPNOTISED MONKEY.

who evidently longs to emulate and even surpass famous Nellie Bly. The whole question of hypnotism is still very little understood. I remember seeing Madame Blavatsky wave to sleep a whole roomful of stolid West Kensingtonians, and on that occasion she claimed to possess the same power over birds and the wild beasts of the jungle.

The *Fourth Estate* is the name of a New York weekly. It is described as "a newspaper for the makers of newspapers."

I note that *Hearth and Home* is offering three scholarships to its readers who carry out certain conditions—one to any girl residing in England or Wales, the second to a girl residing in Scotland, and the third to a girl residing in Ireland. It undertakes to pay the expenses up to a sum to be named for the education of the three girls who have been elected. The class of education is entirely left to the choice of the candidates, whether it be in the field of music, art, or any other branch. It does not propose to place any restriction on the choice of schools so long as the amount of the scholarship which it will give be not exceeded.

*Encore le cyclisme!* In Holborn, the other morning, I saw a business-man calmly wheeling his Gladstone bag along the pavement on a small and light machine. Presumably he found this less trouble than carrying the bag in his hand. Of course, he was much stared at, but he didn't care.



A HYPNOTISED DEER.

## THE BALLAD OF A POWDER-PUFF.

[The lady who left her powder-puff in the waiting-room of *The Sketch* may have it on application to this office.—ED.]

Why scorn the lady's cycle-kicks?  
Why deprecate the tailor-made?  
Why scout the sex as heretics,  
The products of a fast decade?  
Despite the mannish masquerade  
That scorns the gentle charm of fluff,  
The feminine can never fade—  
My lady sports a powder-puff.

What though she knows the artful tricks  
That mark the interviewer's trade,  
So that old Charon on the Styx  
Would make her not the least afraid?  
What though she apes the shirt brigade,  
With stiffened collar, tie, and cuff,  
And dogskin gloves instead of suède?  
My lady sports a powder-puff.

She buys her Lane at three-and-six  
(The price for "Keynotes" net is paid);  
She talks about the tyrant's kicks,  
And loves to call a spade a spade.  
She calls Grant Allen to her aid,  
And finds his gospel *quantum suf.*,  
And yet, how'er she may upbraid,  
My lady sports a powder-puff.

### IN CONCLUSION.

Fair lady whom I serenade,  
Unless you think me cold or bluff,  
This sanctum once again invade,  
And take away your powder-puff.

J. M. B.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"Q" has published a new volume of verse, "Poems and Ballads" (Methuen). There are old friends in it, out of "Green Bays," transplanted here to be in "more suitable company." Among these are the well-known "Splendid Spur" and "The White Moth," the former "Q's" masterpiece in metre, and one of the finest of modern lyrics in the grandiose manner of the later Elizabethans. At his best, in prose and verse, he has indisputable charm, and charm of no hot-house-kind-either, but friendly, intimate, lovable. One would give whole volumes of most of the verse one meets, of good, well-made verse, for "The Gentle Savage," the call and the confession of the wild son to his mother in the palace—

O, mother, in thy royal chamber,  
How barest thou such a son as I?  
Thou, cased at heart with pearl and amber,  
With starch and stiff embroidery:  
I the brown Ishmaelite—  
I, whom the starry  
Summits behold at loose upon the night  
After my quarry?

At evening there is a nearing of the natures wild and tame—

Thy soul remembers her seclusion;  
And mine abhors her liberty.

There is a wealth of humanity—spirited, wholesome, hearty humanity—in "The Comrade," which tells of the meeting of two strangers at a tavern board. Their "fingers itch to twine," but they wait to make accord till one shall have received from the other the countersign. The countersign is a love of Earth, and all that it contains of living things, of force and impulse and ardent living.

Earth, that built our jolly bones—  
Earth, that brewed our jovial blood,  
In each atom of us owns  
Spark of filial fire that should  
Quicken to the parent mood.

The pledge is given; the oath of comradeship is till death, and then—

In no abbey will we lie,  
But upon a league-long beach  
Find a braver cemetery,  
Sweetened by the wave and sky.

If this kind of poetry do not find favour, it cannot be on the score of remoteness from human interest, but only because poetry is out of fashion with the world just now—which is, I suspect, the main cause why the poets of the day are found fault with.

The "Trilby" boom should carry Mr. Felix Moscheles' "In Bohemia with Du Maurier" (Unwin) into certain popularity. But it must also make its way in places where "Trilby" booming is abhorred. There are the Du Maurier drawings, in the first place, merry scribbles and jottings, altogether un-self-conscious, gay rather than humorous, full of the lust, a most innocent lust too, of living. For these, and for a few references to the originals of the characters in the novel, and to the hypnotic experiments in which Du Maurier was interested in his youth, the book will doubtless be bought. But he must be a dull person who does not find another charm in Mr. Moscheles' artless narrative, mostly about nothing at all, or about the nothings that make up the joy of living to madcap boys. The scenes lie in Antwerp and Malines, at the time when Du Maurier was still bent on becoming a painter, and later, when he was in doubt, but evidently not in despondency, as to all that the failure of his eyes might mean to him professionally. There is hardly a quotable joke in the book, but it beams with brightness and the glow of youth. It has the quality by which "Trilby" did indeed deserve success—which was certainly not its melodrama—an airy lightness, a tenderness of memory for merry absurdities, and for the best time of life, when responsibilities and success had not dulled any of its radiance. There are a few stilted, solemn phrases in Mr. Moscheles' narrative, but that he has produced the effect of a good writer is certain.

One of the best books that have come from the collaboration of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell is their edition of Washington Irving's "Alhambra," which Messrs. Macmillan have just brought out as one of their Christmas books. Mr. Pennell's drawings are excellent specimens of his work, delicate, vigorous, and carrying a conviction that he has realised the Spanish scenes and enjoyed them. Mrs. Pennell has something to say in her introduction, a very good reason for writing it. Washington Irving's way of looking at and describing things has a little gone out of fashion in artistic circles. Gautier and others have written their version of the Moorish splendours since then, and in better style. But the American has never been superseded. It is pleasant to hear a writer, as appreciative of the artist's point of view as is Mrs. Pennell, speaking so appreciatively of the abiding pleasure in the simple, less self-conscious work of Irving, in his absence of pose, in his genuine sincerity. "It is seldom," she writes, "that he does not mean what he says, and does not say it so truly with his whole heart, that you are convinced, where you distrust the emotion of De Amicis, pumping up tears of admiration before the wrong thing, or of Maurice Barré's seeing all Spain through a haze of blood, voluptuousness, and death. . . . There may not be a single passage to equal in force and brilliance Gautier's wonderful description of the bull-fight at Malaga; but his impressions were so clear, his record of them so faithful, that the effect of his book remains, while the accomplishment of a finer artist in words may be remembered but vaguely."

o. o.



Gilbert James '96

THE STORY OF ESTHER.  
NO. 2.

So Esther was taken unto  
king Ahasuerus into his  
house royal in the seventh  
year of his reign.  
And the king loved Esther  
above all the women and  
she obtained grace and  
favour in his sight.



## MAURICE BONTET DE MONVEL.

It was one of the hottest mornings of last June. Without, in the white streets of Paris, were clamour, hurry, and hot, shimmering air; within, quiet and coolness, and by an open window of the studio which looked out upon a green garden, M. Bontet de Monvel (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) told me the story of his art. He sat at a table designing one of the series of drawings of Jeanne d'Arc, and while he drew, he spoke of much that moved and interested him.

"I have always drawn," he said. "At school my copy-books were decorated with sketches of my playfellows, and of the scenes I saw and remembered. My student days were not different from those of other artists. I was at the Beaux-Arts under Cabanel, and later, after the War, chez Julian and Carolus Duran. Then came a time when I painted some of the pictures and studies you see

As for children, they cannot pose. A child's essential character shows itself in movement. Even when painting a child I never pose him. I let him run about the atelier, and I observe his gestures and expression. I note effects, and I paint from memory. You think there must be uncertainty in that. But are we not always uncertain? Of course, an artist must know his trade. He must know the human body by heart. As to values, we are always seeking them. Are we more certain of them when the model is before us? I think not. The whole question is one of memory and of severe choice. A model gets in my way, especially if I want a particular expression."

M. Bontet's de Monvel's chief work is the collection of drawings of Jeanne d'Arc.

"For a long time," he told me, "I had been seeking a subject which would give me the occasion of making a series of drawings. One night, I was returning from my father's house in the Rue des Pyramides, and I passed down to the Rue de Rivoli. On my right was the statue of



M. MONVEL IN HIS STUDIO.

on these walls. They are, perhaps you will say, hardly recognisable as forerunners of my present work.

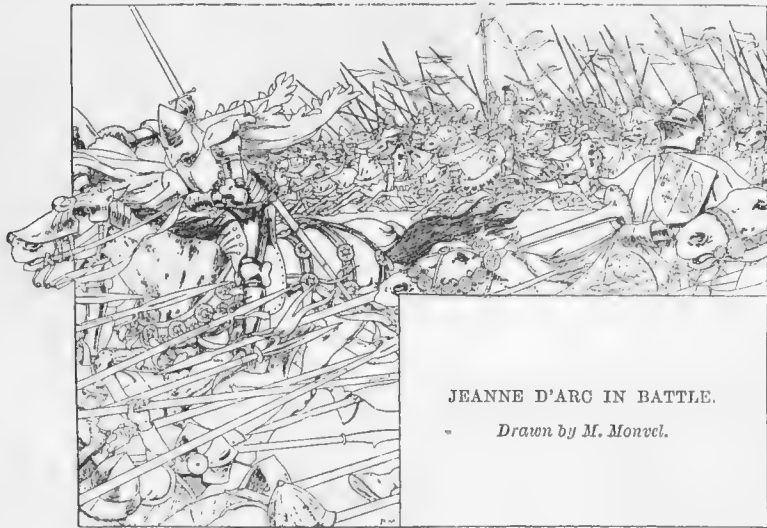
"You probably know how I began to take up illustration. I was dining with some friends, and there was talk of a History of France for children which needed pictures. 'Why should not M. Bontet de Monvel illustrate it?' said someone, and an offer was made me and gladly accepted. To the great astonishment of the publisher, who paid me an incredibly small sum for each drawing, I perfected it as if I were to receive a sum twelve times as great, with the result that I was offered other work. For many years I drew for the French edition of *St. Nicholas*. Ah, that question of the influence of Kate Greenaway! *Franchement*, I may confess to having imitated her idea of children's books. Perhaps, if I had not seen her work, my 'Children's Albums' and my 'Chansons de France' would not have come into existence. But already I had drawn children for years. I remember the time when I was first asked to do so. I did not know my own power; but I found in my memory a heap of recollections that I had not realised. I was the second of a family of eight, and I had seen my little brothers and sisters grow up, and had stored unconsciously in my mind their movements and adventures. I never use models, except, perhaps, for some movement of which I may be doubtful.

Jeanne d'Arc gleaming in the moonlight. At once I saw my subject, and the idea unfolded itself of the scenes of her life following one upon another in their picturesque succession. The subject has quite possessed me with its literary and artistic possibilities.

"The cult of Jeanne d'Arc is now widely spread, and the researches and labours of a connection of mine are the acknowledged source of information for devotees. M. Jules Quicherat, working for the Société de l'Histoire de France, was the first to collect and publish, in 1841, the original text of the 'Procès Verbal,' which he unearthed from the archives. The primitive text consisted of notes, collected by different hands, in French. Every day the clerks compared the notes taken on the spot, and from these compiled a common edition. The complete tenor of the report was in existence from the time of the 'Procès.' After the death of Jeanne, at some uncertain date, it was drawn up in its definite and official form—that is, in Latin—and the original draft in French formed a separate compilation which was produced officially at the time of the 'Procès de Réhabilitation.' Unfortunately, it has not been preserved, and exists only in a mutilated form after an attempt at restoration at the end of the fifteenth century.

"By these documents we are brought face to face with the personality

of Jeanne, and we see her attitude before her accusers and judges—Pierre Cambon, Eveque de Beauvais, Frère Jean Lemaitre, and Frère Martin Delormé. At the instigation of the University of Paris and of Henry VI. of England, the Duke of Burgundy and Jean de Luxembourg



JEANNE D'ARC IN BATTLE.

Drawn by M. Monvel.

had delivered up their prisoner to be tried at Rouen in 1431. Jeanne, then a girl of twenty, sturdily refused to speak the truth except concerning her faith and such things as she knew, and reserved her right to answer about the revelations made to her. 'Passez outre,' she replies to all inconvenient questions, and with austere reticence refers them to the King. Yet her womanliness lurked behind her manly

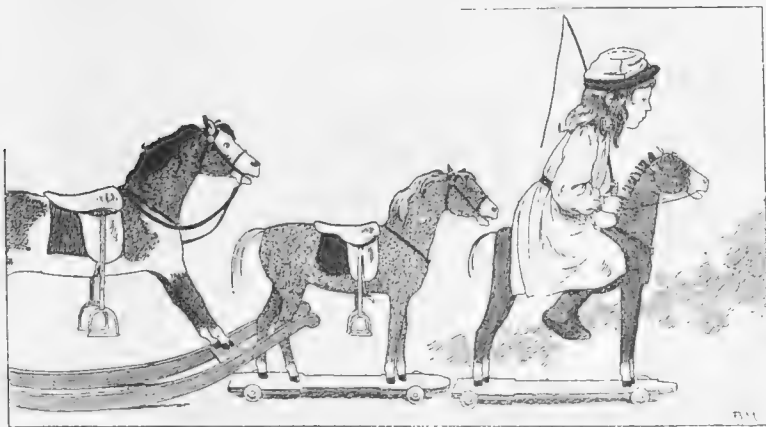
herself, this standard of white *toile on boucassin* fringed with silk, the field sown with lilies, and Jesus Maria embroidered on it, as by holding it aloft she was prevented from killing anyone, and she gently confesses to never having killed a man. The answers of Jeanne were those of an experienced, clever woman. Though her faith falsified the charge of witchcraft, yet she anticipated by nearly a century the doctrines of the Reformation, and roused the anger of the Church. Her true religious fervour never failed, and she baffled her questioners by her simplicity and subtlety. A clever query was put to her, 'Whether she was in the grace of God?' To answer 'yes' or 'no' would convict her, the one of pride, the other of sin. She replies, 'Si je n'y suis pas, Dieu m'y mette, et si j'y suis, Dieu m'y tienne.'"

Having enjoyed such a personal presentation to the drawings of



JEANNE D'ARC AND THE POPULACE.

Drawn by M. Monvel.



THE HOBBY-HORSE.

Drawn by M. Monvel's Daughter.

garments, which she persisted in wearing, and she gloried in her accomplishments of sewing and spinning. 'La-dessus je crains aucune femme de Rouen.' Her accusers taunted her with her love of finery, her curling hair cut *en rond*, her elaborate hats and coats. She herself



SWEETHEARTS.

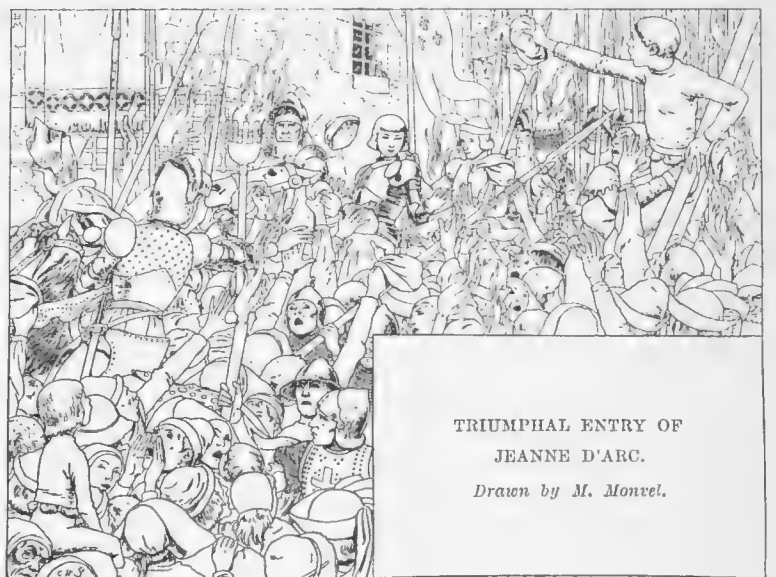
Drawn by M. Monvel's Daughter.

"Jeanne d'Arc," the announcement that the whole series, numbering about fifty, is to be exhibited in Paris, rouses a sense of artistic anticipation. The four examples reproduced here are the simple outlines of the coloured drawings, and will appear in company with



JEANNE D'ARC AT THE HEAD OF THE ARMY.

Drawn by M. Monvel.



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF JEANNE D'ARC.

Drawn by M. Monvel.

describes with pleasure her beautiful standard, which she even preferred to her miraculous sword with its three scabbards, one of *velours vermeil* et l'autre de drap d'or, and the third of strong leather. She carried it

the latter. The exhibition will be held at the Cercle Artistique de la Rue Boissy d'Anglas, to-morrow, and will last about fourteen days. It should be well worth seeing.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## ANOTHER FOOL!

BY ARTHUR APPLIN.

And the last hour is shod with fire from hell;  
This is the end of every man's desire.

He opened his eyes. Everything looked much as he had imagined and hoped it would look. On the wall opposite, in a black frame, hung the picture of a snowstorm from the *Illustrated London News* of half-a-dozen years ago; by his bedside stood the table, with a tumbler of water and a bowl of fresh flowers—lilies-of-the-valley. On another table, by the window, burnt a dim light; here were a medicine-bottle, some few articles always found in a sick-room; a couple of books, more flowers, and a roll of white linen.

In a low chair, near the dim light, a woman sat. He could only see her head and a narrow outline of her face. Her head was thrown far back against the pink cushion; her hair looked brown, streaked with gold where the light touched it. Her dress was black; he could see the corner of a white apron and the curve of a white collar, and soft white cuffs against small white hands.

He wished he could see more of her; he was afraid to move lest she heard him. Evidently she was young; that was good. Was she also beautiful, or even pretty? Would she be soft and gentle and patient with him, or hard and stern and matter-of-fact?

How peaceful it was in this little room in the centre of the great, silent hospital!

Such peace he had never felt before in all his life, though he had often sought it. No one could come and worry him here, or stare at him, or ask him stupid questions. He did not care now whether he grew better or worse, so long as he could lie in the silent room with the picture of the snowstorm on the wall, and the lilies by his side on the table, and the nurse asleep in the chair, and everywhere the calm and the peace.

It was even better than his room at home. There his mother or his father, his sisters and his brothers, would have continually come and looked at him and asked how he felt, and why he was so stupid, and why he was different to other people.

Here none could worry him. He was safe.

What time was it? Evening probably, or perhaps night.

No light came through the blind and the grey, drawn curtains. He could hear no sounds from the street, not even the distant roar of traffic which never ceases.

Should he speak to the nurse, and see what she was like? He very much wanted her to be pretty. He still clung to the stupid idea that if she were pretty, she would be kind—and forgiving. Did she know all about him—all that other people knew or thought they knew? Would she forgive him? But he did not need forgiveness: he had done nothing wrong; she would only consider him like other men. Well, that would be better than thinking him "so different to everybody else." He was quite tired of hearing he was "different."

He turned on his side again to sleep.

The nurse heard him. She rose and came to the bedside and bent over him. "Are you comfortable? Do you want anything?"

He opened his eyes gratefully. The voice was low and deep and soothing. The thought also came to him that it was a forgiving voice.

"No, thank you—Nurse. I am all right. I was just thinking how—how quiet and nice it was here. What time is it? Night-time, surely?"

"It is early morning, nearly three o'clock. You will hear the sparrows awake soon, and begin to chirp and chatter in the trees beneath your window. Will you drink this medicine now?"

He smiled. "Yes, if you like; but the knowledge has come to me that medicine is no good. I don't suppose I shall live long. I don't want to live. I have nothing to live for. My ideals I have found *only* ideals: my dreams will come to nothing. I only want to—I seem to want to make my peace, to come to an understanding with someone or something."

"Hush! you must not talk. There, I will make your pillow comfortable, and smooth your sheet."

"I must talk, Nurse; I will talk. Do you know I have been awake a long time? I have been lying looking at you. I was wondering if, and hoping you were, pretty. I am so glad you are. I used to think, I believe I still think, that beautiful women have beautiful minds."

"Hush! you must not talk; you will grow excited."

"Nurse—you know I cannot live long?—well, let me be happy"—he gave a sort of sob-laugh—"be happy for a few minutes; let me talk just for once. I have been silent all my life, I have thought all my life. I never found anyone to talk to—except Ruby, and she ran away with another man; that was because I was poor. Bring over your chair and sit beside me. Ah! that is right; I am glad you are kind and understand me. I suppose you know how I first became ill, and my quarrel with my relatives? Of course, it is my own fault: I ought not to have been different to my brothers. You see, I was a bit of a dreamer; I read too many books when a boy, and I preferred painting pictures to studying law, and writing stories to sitting in a London office. I dreamed a good deal, and I never went about town like my brothers did. I don't know why I did not. My sisters noticed it. They were jolly girls, kind-hearted, and that sort of thing; but they didn't care for my taciturn, quiet ways. If my brothers came home late from a fellow's rooms, they used to let them in and help them to their rooms and say nothing about

it. They thought it rather good sport, and were annoyed with me because I didn't ever stop out late, or get mixed up in a row, or drink too much.

"I never found anyone who took an interest in things I liked. Because I wouldn't go into the law or medicine or banking, I was kicked out from home. Give me something to drink, Nurse. This doesn't tire you? I am glad. I wanted to tell someone why I failed, and all that, before I died, and you seem—Well, I thought I could work and live with my pen, and keep my dreams and ideals to myself. By God, Nurse, I tried! I tried hard. I had money at first. Life seemed gay and jolly—Bohemian life. But I kept straight. That was one of my ideals, because I felt sorry—I sort of felt all women were sacred, and unless I loved one—so I kept straight.

"But a London lodging is not inspiring. I began to long for my books and flowers, and my comfortable room; I began to long to see my brothers' and sisters' faces. I asked if I might come home and work in my own old rooms. I received no answer. I got depressed. My ideals got mixed. Nothing seemed real except vice.

"One night I got drunk with the lights and the noise of London. I supped at a big restaurant, principally on champagne. I met *her* that night. I never cared for her, and I had cared for others and passed them by. She loved only gold and jewels; she was a lump of ice—well, I froze my ideals with that lump of ice!

"I wandered about town, tired of everything. I was ill. I grew worse. Then they found me and took me home. How they worried me! How they plied me with questions! How they stared at me! 'Why was I so different from others?'

"I, too, began to ask myself that question. The first time I slip, I break my neck; but my brothers make it their business to slip—gracefully and carefully.

"For a long time they kept me at home, always worrying me, trying to make me talk, trying to make me 'sensible.' Then, at last, I made them bring me here. And at last I am happy.

"There! What have I been saying, Nurse? You must not think too badly of me; at the worst, I am only a fool. Hark! it is dawn. Do you hear the sparrows chattering? It reminds me of the country. I can see the faint light stealing through the grey curtains, and the wind is shaking the blind to and fro.

"Would you read to me, Nurse?—I don't suppose you have a 'Swinburne'? He used to be my favourite poet. It was he who made me dream, I think. Nurse, I wonder why I have never been able to talk to any woman, as I am talking to you, before?"

Then he lay for some time silent, listening to the sparrows and the wind rustling the curtains together.

The nurse had risen. She stood opposite the mirror and gazed at herself. She loosened the hair on her forehead a little, so that the wavy curls fell naturally on either side. Then she crossed to the bed and bathed his temples with some slightly perfumed water, and gave him a clean, cold pillow for his head, and sat again by his side.

"I, too, used to read Swinburne once"—he turned, surprised—"but that was long ago, when I used to dream. Dreams are bad and foolish. We were not meant to dream in this world."

"No," he replied wearily, "I suppose not; but dreams are the only beautiful things in this world. Do you remember 'Ah, God! Ah, God! that day should be so soon'? That is what I feel now. You won't leave me, will you, Nurse? Wait until it is quite day. I am afraid my mother might come to see me, and I never feel comfortable when she is near me—I feel afraid—it is so stupid."

"All right, I won't leave you." She took his hand in hers. She knew his hours were few.

And she wondered why God had always let him meet the wrong women. If she had met him before, perhaps—

His thoughts were similar. "Nurse, I wish I had met you before."

She hesitated a moment. "So do I." She touched his forehead with her soft, scented handkerchief.

"What do you mean?"

"Perhaps we might have both been happier."

"Then you are not happy? Poor little Nurse!" His hands gripped hers harder. "Nurse, I wonder—would you—kiss me—directly? It is not wrong or strange to ask you to kiss a dying man, is it?"

"No, dear." She kissed his forehead. His eyes caught hers. She bent again and kissed his lips.

"It must be ten o'clock, Nurse. Hark! there is someone coming. Don't let anyone in, Nurse—until I am gone, and hold my hand tightly—because it hurts a little, does death. Let me smell those lilies—they remind me of Ruby—she was a wicked woman, Nurse, but I was fond of her, poor little thing! because it wasn't her fault. Hold me tighter and—kiss me again—it is good to have someone to love. Nurse, don't let them in—until I am gone; they will say I am so different. Nurse?"

"Yes, dear?"

"You are there; that is right. Give my love to—everybody; tell them I wanted to help and—Nurse, where is that picture of the snowstorm gone? I can't see it up there now—and I can't see your pretty face; I only see that woman—the lump of ice—so cold—" His voice slipped away, his eyes closed: God gave him back his dream.

# THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



SPEAKER : Now, what was it the rich man in Hell called for? Was it whisky? No. Was it brandy? No. Was it rum? No. It was water—water! Now, what does that show?

A VOICE : Shows where all you blooming Teetotal fellows go to.





## CATECHISM.

"What is your name?"  
"Piggy Bleggs."  
"Who gave you this name?"  
"Them chaps there."



BUDDING LAUREATE (*in the throes of composition*): Shall I be misunderstood if I allude to the blooming cheek of innocence?



## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

"It will be all the same a hundred years hence," perhaps; but it was certainly not all the same a hundred years ago. It is a curious experience to look through the newspapers of Dec. 9, 1796, and to compare what one finds there with the new scenes and changed conditions which the whirligig of time has brought us. Those were stirring days, though the Eastern Question had not begun to trouble, and the Rand had no place in the map. "General" Buonaparte, however, made a good substitute. He was then leading his forces to victory in Italy. In the *Times* of Dec. 9 appears a despatch from him dated "29th Brumaire" (which was Republican for Nov. 19), addressed to "Citizen Carnot, Member of the Executive Directory."

Never [he writes] was a field of battle so long and so obstinately contested as that of Arcole. I have scarce a General left; their zeal and courage are unexampled. The General of Brigade Lasne came to the field of battle not yet cured of the wounds which he received at Governolo. He was twice wounded on the first day of the battle; at three o'clock in the afternoon he lay on his bed and suffered severely; but, having learned that I had put myself at the head of the column, he moved from his bed, mounted his horse, and joined me. Unable to stand, he remained on horseback, and received at the head of the bridge of Arcole another ball, by which he was mortally wounded.

That is a fine story, even though it came from the Paris papers, which were not always quite impartial where the "brav' général" of a hundred years ago was concerned. Buonaparte was the cause of a considerable pother in our own Parliament at the time. It is very curious to observe that, whereas in 1896 our relations with the Kaiser are somewhat strained, in 1796 we had a singularly self-denying alliance with the King of Prussia. So friendly were our relations that the Government privily sent him £1,200,000 to assist his operations against the French. This was criticised by Mr. Fox, and the debate occupies nearly nine columns in the *Times* of Dec. 9—more than half of its total space.

The "leader" had been invented by the *Chronicle* five years before—in 1791—but it was seldom that the *fin-de-siècle* editor allowed himself that luxury. His usual vehicle of comment was a series of notes, such as one in the *Times* lecturing Mr. Fox for "mixing so much intemperance in his harangue and displaying so much of violent principles." The politics of yesterday were not unlike the politics of to-day; but this paragraph, I fancy, indicates a spirit of municipal generosity which does not survive—

The Corporation of Leicester have voted a contribution of £2000 to aid Government in the supplies for the ensuing year.

When, in these degenerate days, do we hear of conscience-money from Cardiff, or of Leeds offering to strike a penny off the income-tax?

Antagonism to the French runs high in all the papers of the day. It is not confined to politics. What would we say to paragraphs of this sort in to-day's *Times*?—

Ireland abounds with French coin—a circumstance sufficient to account for all the disorders there.

There is nothing new under the sun. An ancient sect of Heretics used to form themselves into societies for marriages: every Member brought a wife to the club; but after she became the common property. The French have done this for the whole nation, and that is the whole of the difference.

Before the Revolution in France, the lye was the most mortal of all injuries and defiances. At present, the French Republican seems to think upon this subject as the Spartan did, who, according to Plutarch, having the lye given him, answered that, being a free man, he might lye whenever he pleased.

The French papers very gravely tell us that the fashionable ladies of Paris have left off the shift, having discovered that the folds of this useless garment conceal the most beautiful contours of their form. The new French fashion is a proof of the inextinguishable emulation between the two countries: the French women were determined to outdo the English, and they had *nothing else left for it*.

Even concerning home affairs, the "Thunderer," which had not then earned that title, was distinctly frivolous. This paragraph would probably be rejected to-day, but it was accepted by the gentleman who sat in the chair a hundred years ago—

One of the Dublin Booksellers advertises a work, with a N.B. in which he informs the Public that the only correct edition is that published by him with the twelve pages of *Errata*.

It had also a penchant for italics, usually by way of pointing jokes which have since grown blunt. These consecutive paragraphs seem to refer to the Prince of Wales, who was then practising at Bath how to become the first gentleman in Europe—

The attentions paid to an illustrious Gentleman at Bath are of the most flattering nature.

A certain Mayor believes in his heart what everybody else would be glad to be able to think, or expect, or even to hope for.

Other municipalities were less sanguine, for a further paragraph says—

The Mayor and Aldermen of Bristol debated in due form the expediency of inviting the *Heir Apparent* to the freedom of their *Guild* and *Corporate Table*, which was carried in favour of the invitation by only *one* vote.

It will be observed that the *Times* of the olden days did not err on the side of deference. Nevertheless, royalty was pursued with a solicitude worthy of the *World*. Thus—

The King, being prevented by the severity of the weather from taking his usual diversion of hunting at Windsor, his Majesty, with his usual suite, makes daily pedestrian excursions, some of which amount to a route little short of 20 miles.

Poor suite! Less august figures, of course, could not escape—

Report is once more busy in marrying Mr. Pitt. We forbear to mention the amiable name now coupled with his, for fear of throwing restraint over the intercourse of friendship.

The law cases of those days provide some quaint reading. The *Chronicle* reports the suit of "Taylor v. Captain Burrows," in which the

plaintiff, who was a soldier on board an East Indiaman, sought damages for an unmerited flogging—

Two Witnesses swore that the Defendant caused the Plaintiff to be flogged on no other provocation than his saying to him, while another man was suffering a similar discipline, "What, are you going to murder the man?" The Defendant ordered him first to have one dozen, and afterwards another, *because he was a Foreigner*.

He got forty shillings. Such were the disadvantages of not being an Englishman.

The law was then, as it has always been, the butt of the humorist. This is one of the *Chronicle's* contributions to the gaiety of the nation a hundred years ago to-day—

FORTUNATE ACCIDENT.—A Gentleman the other day was robbed of all the papers which he had brought to town for the purpose of conducting a *Suit in Chancery*.

Even obituary notices have changed with the other fashions. Fond parents do not now vent their grief in this mode—

On Monday last, at Edgware Road, Miss M. A. Hanrott, daughter of Mr. Hanrott, in the Poultry, a child in years, but mature in knowledge, from the earliest and most extraordinary propensity for investigation; her manners were meek and gentle, and evinced such principles of innate goodness as rendered her deservedly an object of admiration and affection with all who knew and have to lament her loss.

R. B.

## THE MISSING ARCHDUKE.

A matter of interest in Austria is the decision of the Law Courts to hand over to his heirs the property of John Orth, *alias* the Missing Archduke, *alias* Jean-Népomucène-Salvator-Marie-Joseph-Jean-Baptiste-Ferdinand - Balthasar - Louis - Gonzague - Pierre - Alexandre - Zénobius - Antoine (see "Almanach de Gotha"), son of the late Grand Duke of Tuscany, and nephew of the Emperor of Austria. Although the legal demise of the Archduke has thus been constituted, few in Vienna believe him to be really dead. Consequently, in a quarter of a century to come, we may expect to hear of various lawsuits between sons actual or professed of his Imperial Highness and the representatives of those who now claim his estates. When the Archduke decided to bury his disappointed ambitions in the heart of the Argentine Republic, he did not propose to live alone, but contracted a matrimonial alliance with Fräulein Minnie Stübel, of the Berlin Opera House. Now, whatever the pre-nuptial engagements of this lady may have been, it is certain that she will at some period divulge to any children she may have the secret that their father is no ordinary emigrant, but a scion of the House of Hapsburg, albeit he renounced all rights and prerogatives Oct. 16, 1889. Hence the opening for some new Tichborne case of wider interest than the last. The Archduke's preparations for achieving a complete disappearance were elaborate. He collected and destroyed all the photographs and portraits of himself which, so far as he knew, existed; he secured all drawings and plans of the ship in which he sailed away, and committed them likewise to the flames; he then called on all his relatives, friends, and dependents, imploring some and commanding others to consider him as dead from the time he left Europe, and never to sanction any search for him. It is said, among the Hapsburg princes, that he promised to find means of transmitting some bald statement, to the effect that all was well with him, at irregular intervals to his mother; but there is no foundation for the assertion beyond that the Grand Duchess bore the departure of her youngest son with comparative equanimity, for she herself never appears to have divulged the fact to other members of her family.

The vessel purchased by the Archduke for the purpose of carrying him beyond the confines of the civilised world, was the *Saint Margaret*, of Liverpool. Each member of the crew was selected by the royal skipper in person, and it was remarked he was less anxious to man his ship with able seamen than with experienced workmen. A good deal of secrecy was observed with regard to the cargo; but it is asserted the roomy hold was half-filled with agricultural implements, and that enormous supplies of such things as tinned cocoa had been laid in. There are nearly one hundred and fifty Archdukes and Archduchesses of the House of Hapsburg; nevertheless, John Orth (who took his name from one of the ancestral castles of his branch of the family) could ill be spared, for he was more talented and more energetic, as well as more ambitious, than most of his kin. He chafed under the disadvantage of being a poverty-stricken member of a branch which was practically shelved, and he was frequently heard to express an intention of one day following the example of his eccentric elder brother, the Archduke Louis Salvator, who, likewise burying his rank, spends his days as a farmer and his nights as a student of science near Parma in Majorca. It is said that a bad quarter of an hour he once spent with the Emperor finally decided him to resign all his dignities, together with the three hundred pounds a-year he received from Francis Joseph, and which, with a couple of hundreds allowed him by his mother, constituted his whole income. The difference in question arose from his having published a pamphlet in which he severely criticised certain military regulations enforced by his imperial relative, and there was a prospect of his being degraded from his position as a General of Division. The Emperor is accused of having acted with unnecessary severity; but the fact is, the young Archduke had given him trouble for a dozen years past—latterly by constantly demanding permission to try his fortune as a claimant for the throne of Bulgaria, and formerly by attaching himself as a war correspondent, under an assumed name, to various armies in the field in the troublous times about 1879.

THE DRAMATIC CRITICS OF LONDON.—IX—XII.

*Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*



THE "STAR" (MR. A. B. WALKLEY).



THE "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE" (MR. MALCOLM WATSON).



THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE" (MR. G. S. STREET).



THE "WESTMINSTER GAZETTE" (MR. E. F. SPENCE).



## SHIPS AND LITERATURE.

Mr. James Payn used to hold strongly that seafarers and shipowners were a very unliterary class, as ships were named after everything in the world except after books and the writers of books. As proof of this he had a story that an exceptionally literary owner, a friend of his own, built a vessel and intended to call her the *Old Kensington*. On the morning of the launch the captain, who had been appointed, came to his owner and said, "You know it's very unlucky to have anything old about a new ship. If we go away on the *Old Kensington* we are bound to have a bad trip. It can't make any difference to you, so, just to oblige me, have her christened the *New Kensington*."

Putting aside my belief that nine people out of ten, sailormen or landmen, would be puzzled to name the writer of "*Old Kensington*," and would probably put it down as an antiquarian work with as much justice as a certain librarian classified "*The Mill on the Floss*" among sporting works, is it a true bill that literature is neglected in shipping?

Although it is perfectly true that literature and journalism are not fostered in shipowning and shipbroking offices as they might be—not to the extent, for example, which they are in Government offices—some reason for this may be that the owner and the broker and their clerks have work to do. In journalism the shipowner takes the greatest interest. What other trade will support a large daily newspaper in London and another in Liverpool entirely devoted to ships, and also keep going innumerable weeklies and monthlies?

And when we come to literature the owner is not much behindhand. In one number of the *Shipping Gazette*, May 14, the following advertisement appeared—

OFFICIAL NOTICE.—CHANGE OF SHIP'S NAME.—Having received PERMISSION of the BOARD of TRADE to CHANGE the NAME of my Steam Yacht *Croistara*, Official Number 79,604, of gross tonnage 84-18 tons, of registered tonnage 57 24-100 tons, heretofore owned by Charles James Murray, of Loch Carron, Ross-shire, to that of *MEHALAH*, I hereby beg to give notice that she will be so registered in the said new name at the Port of London as owned by me. Dated at Colchester this 13th day of May, 1896. A. G. MUMFORD.

A look at the casualties gives the following—

*HENRIK IBSEN*.—London, May 13.—The following is extract of letter from Mr. H. C. Elers, manager of the Damaraland Guano Company at Cape Cross, dated April 6: "An unfortunate occurrence happened here last Tuesday, the wreck of the *Henrik Ibsen*. Everything had been going smoothly, and we had 550 tons of guano on board, when on Sunday, March 29, we had the biggest surf ever known here, and the cable of the *Henrik Ibsen* breaking, she drifted into the breakers, each wave breaking right over her; we expected to see her go to bits every minute, and then everybody would have been drowned, as there was not the faintest chance of launching a boat from the shore. However, luckily, she drifted out a little in the night and anchored, but was still in a dangerous position on Monday; but the sea had gone down somewhat, so she rode it out. On Tuesday she ran a hawser to one of the other ships and began hauling up, and everything was going on well when the hawser caught round a rock at the bottom and broke. She then let go her anchor, but being broken, it dragged and she went on to the rocks in the surf, the waves again breaking over her, and in a short time the mainmast crashed down, shortly followed by the foremast, the heavy surf bumping her on the rocks at every wave. A boat, manned by a volunteer crew, after considerable difficulty, got through the surf and made for the ship, but could not get alongside. A line, however, was thrown from the ship, and the men hauled off one at a time until all on board (twenty men) were saved. The men were put on two other vessels (*Alpha* and *Ideal*), and the captain and mate brought ashore. They intend leaving with crew in the *Ideal* when she is loaded." (See issue of April 30.)

A look at the "Law Reports" gives an action *in rem* against the steamer *Darwin*, whose owners, by the way, also own the *Ruskin*.

A casual glance through the reports of vessels from various ports gives, among a number of others, at Gravesend, the *Ophelia* and the *Times*; at Bristol, the *Clio*; at Liverpool, the *Virgil*; at Oporto, the *Minerva*; at Glasgow, the *Leila*; at Leith, the *Durward*; at Blyth, the *Homer*; at Stavanger, the *Tasso*; at Sundsvall, the *Pallas*; at Libau, the *Livingstone*; at Stettin, the *Greyfriars*; at Bordeaux, the *Ossian*; at Tarifa, the *Ravenswood*; at Marseilles, the *Arcadia*; at Malaga, the *Mikado*; at Naples, the *Erl King*; at Trapani, the *Dana*; at Girgenti, the *Scottish Chief*; and at Constantinople, the *Rossetti*. This is not a bad list for Europe alone in one day's reports.

There are shipowners who, as there are nowadays no profits in shipowning, spread the taste for good literature quite as much as cheap editions do. They advertise authors, usually poets, one firm having a *Byron*, *Milton*, *Shakespeare*, *Shelley*, *Tennyson*, and *Wordsworth*, which, supposing the firm have only read all the works of all the authors mentioned, shows a catholic taste in verse. Another firm have *Buffon*, *Cervantes*, *Chaucer*, *Coleridge*, *Homer*, *Milton*, and *Strabo*. There are three *Byrons*, three *Homers*, and three *Miltons*, all steamers, from which the conclusion may be drawn that the steamship owner is more poetical than the sailing-ship owner, which seems contrary to expectation. Still, there is a sailing-ship called *Lord Byron*, and an enthusiastic Greek has called his brig *Lordos Byron*.

One of the oldest and largest firms of shipowners in England has, among many other vessels, the following names connected with literature, and extending from mythological times, *vid* Shakspeare, down to Mr. Gilbert:—*Angelo*, *Ariosto*, *Clio*, *Erato*, *Iago*, *Lorenzo*, *Mikado*, *Othello*, *Plato*, *Rialto*, *Romeo*, *Sappho*, and *Tasso*.

To go on with poetry, we have *Sir Bevis*, *Sir Galahad*, *Lady Clare*, *Robert the Devil*, a *Bonnie Doon*, and a *Bonny Doon*, one or other of which shows the inability of Scotsmen to spell their own language. There is a *Golden Fleece*, which comes from one of the oldest European poems, and a *Mayflower*, which comes from what some people do not consider a poem at all. There are many Halls—*Haddon Hall*,

*Locksley Hall*, *Netherby Hall*, *Rokeby Hall*, and *Rydal Hall*, not to speak of a *Rydal Fell*, *Rydal Holme*, and *Rydal Water*; so the Lake school is well remembered. There is a *Lord of the Isles*, a *Don Juan*, a *Nancy Lee*, a *Highland Mary*, two *Lalla Rookhs*, a *Tam o' Shanter*, two *White Wings*, and a *Norah Creina*. There is also represented that heart-stirring and artistic poem *Yankee Doodle*.

There are two *John Wesleys*, who it must be remembered, wrote hymns. There used to be a *Dryden*, but she was sold to the unpoetical Americans, who re-christened her *Menemsha*.

Did not the *Duke of Argyle* write a novel once? It is so difficult not to be born a duke, although, according to Mr. Grant Allen, it is not difficult to abdicate a peerage; but, anyhow, it is so easy not to write a novel, and most likely the Duke of Argyle is now sorry he did not take the privileges of his disabilities. The *Earl of Beaconsfield* was certainly a novelist before, in point of time, he was a great politician. There are two *Charles Dickens*, and among his characters which godfather ships are *Sam Weller* (twice), *Pickwick*, *Little Dorrit*, and *Dolly Varden*. There is a steamer called after the Hungarian novelist *Jokai*, whose works, although too erotic for English taste, are well known by Hungarian and German-speaking people. There is a *Walter Scott*, a *Sir Walter*, and a *Scottish Wizard*, by which name the great novelist was known as a novelist before he was known by his own. To his credit may also be put a *Jeanie Deans*, a *Lady Rowena*, a *Cedric the Saxon*, a *Diana Vernon*, a *Peperil*, a *Talisman*, and a *Waverley*. His first but inferior love, poetry, is represented by a *Marmion* and a *Roderick Dhu*. There is an *Oliver Wendell Holmes*, who did write a novel or two, though they were overshadowed by his other work; and there is an *Autocrat*. There is a *Cervantes*, and his creations *Don Quixote* and *Sancho Panza* figure on the name-boards. There is in another style a *Jules Verne*, and the titles of many books occur, as *Gil Blas*, three *Lorna Doones*, and a *Lancashire Witches*.

All this seems nothing but a catalogue, as dull as the Homeric catalogue of ships. But this is the fault of the modern shipowners for being too literary, and for advertising too many famous literary works and writers. For to be godfather of a ship is to get an advertisement, as shown by a firm of distillers building a steamer and calling her *Bushmills*. And it is surely an excuse for being Homeric in treatment of ships when one of the big China shipping companies has twenty-four steamers called after Homeric characters.

This seems to prove that owners, although very hard-worked men, find time to cultivate not only sound literature, but often classical or deep literature. And this is only to be expected in a class of men among whom are one firm called *Mudie* and seventy firms called *Smith*, one of the latter being a *W. H. Smith*, one a *William H. Smith*, and one *W. H. Smith and Sons*, one of whom owns in America, of all places, a sailing-ship which bears over all seas the proud name *Wm. H. Smith*.

G. STANLEY ELLIS.

## THE EXCEPTION.

(After reading Colonel Herbert's article on "The Æsthetics of the Dinner-Table.")

Since I pursue the Higher Cult

In all things wheresoe'er I'm able,  
I'm studying as the result  
Æsthetics of the dinner-table.

Alack! my studies make me rue,  
I'm growing duller than the "Comics"  
To find how crude each taste and view  
I hold concerning gastronomics.

I share with the elect the wish  
To pose as an æsthetic gourmet,  
Yet find no joy in many a dish  
The cultured modern epicure may.

French dishes delicate and rare  
Delight not me, preferring rather  
The fuller and more filling fare  
Affected by the City Father.

Red mullet then *en papillote*  
To me seem not so great a matter;  
It's true I like to taste them—but  
I gorge upon them fried in batter.

A vegetable-marrow boiled  
With butter-sauce for me!—I love it,  
And I should deem a pheasant spoiled  
Without bread-sauce and plenty of it

Bid me to swear and I'll attest,  
My thrice-filled goblet bearing witness,  
That punch with turtle is the best  
Example of "the eternal fitness."

The Higher Cult which I affect,  
Though much superior to panic,  
Would look with horror, I suspect,  
On tastes so grossly aldermanic.

Yet at the hour when dinner waits,  
Be this the happy fate decreed me—  
Flung wide your hospitable gates,  
Philistia, take me in and feed me.

M. S.

THE ART OF THE DAY.



*[Copyright Reserved by the Artist.]*

CIRCE'S WATCH-TOWER.—J. T. NETTLESHIP

EXHIBITED AT THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.



## ART NOTES.

Miss Florence Marks, who exhibits at the Grafton Gallery a portrait of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, reproduced here, has accomplished a rare enough feat in a lady, a thoroughly virile and masculine portrait. The modelling is admirable, the expression intensely full of life, and the fine, square figure absolutely lives. In point of detail, again, the thing is quite admirable, from the sashes, cords, and epaulettes to the medals and decorations.



PRINCE EDWARD OF SAXE-WEIMAR.  
MISS FLORENCE MARKS.  
Exhibited at the Grafton Gallery.

It is so easy to fail on the negative side of realisation, to present cleverly a mere non-entity rather than a positive and actual man, that it is all the more delightful to find that Miss Marks has here quite succeeded in avoiding these faults, and in moulding a clear, distinguished, and alert portrait.

The National Competition works of Schools of Art and Art Classes (after having been exhibited in three provincial towns in England, and also in Dublin) have been rearranged at South Kensington in the same place as that in which they were exhibited last August. The works to which gold and silver medals had been awarded during the previous eleven years are shown

in an adjacent room. A collection of drawings from elementary schools is also exhibited, each school being represented by the whole number of drawings executed at its examination. In selecting the schools, consideration has been given to the desirability of showing the drawings from small and only partially equipped schools, as well as those which are large and well equipped. In addition to these features, a representative series of the exercises worked by candidates sitting at the annual local Art Examinations in 1896 is included. It is natural that these, which are finished within strict limits of time, are more full of interest than the more finished drawings and models executed during the school year which are entered for the National Competition. The works of this year's National Competition that have received awards come from a hundred and four towns in all parts of the kingdom. An opportunity is thus certainly afforded for studying the outcome of the grants for Art Teaching made by the Department in a more complete manner than has ever occurred before. The exhibition will remain on view until Jan. 10, 1897, and is open free, daily, from ten to four, in the galleries to the south of Imperial Institute Road.

An exhibition of exceptional interest will be held in London concurrently with that of Lord Leighton's works at the Royal Academy this winter. This will consist of a show of the studies for his pictures and the collection of drawings from his cabinets, dating from his boyhood to the last week of his life. These will be shown at the Fine Art Society's, 148, New Bond Street, which will open to the public on Dec. 14.

A second edition of Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse's "Earlier English Water-Colour Painters," published by Messrs. Seeley and Co., has just been issued. Since those pages were written, as Mr. Monkhouse truly observes, the prestige of the Earlier English Painters in Water-Colours has not diminished. There is scarcely a public art gallery in the United Kingdom which does not contain specimens of their skill, and in the most important cities, like Liverpool and Birmingham, valuable collections have been made. Mr. Monkhouse's volume covers the history of the Water-Colour School of England from its inception in the eighteenth to its maturity in the nineteenth century. "Richer and more powerful pigments," says Mr. Monkhouse, "have done something to alter the character of English water-colour painting and to extend its scope. But, after all, the traditions remain, from David Cox to Tom Collier, from Turner to Alfred Hunt, from Cattermole to Sir J. D. Linton."

Mr. Monkhouse informs us that he has often wished to extend his studies of English achievement in water-colour into later times, but, alas! his scant leisure has been too fully occupied; he consoles himself, however, by realising that the task has been shown all too formidable since the publication of Mr. Roget's "History of the Old Water-Colour Society." It is not necessary to go into the details, therefore, of this second edition; it will be remembered how sympathetically and fully Mr. Monkhouse has discussed the Sandbys, Cozens, Turner, Bonington, Cotman, Cattermole, and all the other bright particular stars of the art of water-colour in this country.

Mr. William Heinemann has just published a most noble volume, "Meissonier: his Life and His Art," by Vallery C. O. Gréard, with extracts from his note-books, and his opinions and impressions on art and artists, collected by his wife. The chief value of the publication is the enormous number of its illustrations, most beautifully reproduced, showing, in the black and white, all Meissonier's completeness and superhuman skill. The account of the artist's life is written simply, if somewhat on the side of excessive praise; and, although it is always interesting to hear an artist's own comments upon life and art, we are bound to say that Meissonier not infrequently dealt in platitude. This book, however, is a monument for all time.

Among notable publications of art-books, Messrs. Macmillan's recent issue of "Life and Letters of Frederick Walker, A.R.A.," by Mr. John George Marks, will take a prominent place. The book, for a beginning, is strikingly handsome, and is enriched by a very large number of illustrations after Walker. Mr. Marks, perhaps naturally, takes the somewhat official view of the matter, and regards Walker the painter as something more important than Walker the illustrator. Many will dissent from this purely critical view of the matter; but none will deny that Mr. Marks has admirably succeeded in presenting a very coherent and interesting picture of Fred Walker. His life was peaceful; his aims were definite; and he was, on the whole, successful. It has been the effort of Mr. Marks's satisfactory labours "to find out what the artist is, and to love him within the necessary limits of his sphere."

The Art Union of London has issued a presentation plate to the members of this society, for the year 1896-7, of the painting entitled "Horæ Serenæ," by Sir E. J. Poynter, the new President of the Royal Academy, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1894, and is now on view at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. The original idea of the design was that some strolling Egyptian (Gipsy) musicians had come into a villa garden, and that a party of girls had improvised a dance. One cannot do better perhaps in the matter than quote Sir Edward's words with regard to the etching of the plate, which was entrusted to Mr. James Dobie, R.P.E.: "I consider that Mr. Dobie has rendered admirably a most difficult subject."

Shakspeare will never want illustrators, and here is another, Miss Irlam Briggs, with her imaginary portrait of Juliet. It is Juliet the girl, with the potion in her hand, dreading the possibilities before her—doubting, suspicious, undetermined, yet clearly treading her way to doom. "What if it be a poison?" The girl's costume is simply



JULIET.—MISS IRLAM BRIGGS.

What if it be a poison which the friar  
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead;  
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd  
Because he married me before to Romeo.

conceived, simply draped, and simply decorated, and the neck rises very gracefully from it, as the terrified head turns away, averted and hesitant. The luxuriant hair, parted in the centre, and falling lavishly about her shoulders, is bound by a jewelled fillet.

## IMMIGRANTS FROM NORTH RUSSIA.

The two brown bears shown in this illustration are the privileged occupants of the bear-pit in the "Zoo." "Their duty," writes the cultured author of the official guide-book, "is to climb the central pole in order to earn buns for themselves and to provide amusement for the visitors. After a surfeit of buns, it is often difficult to induce them to perform their duty properly." During the summer season, when all the animals in the "Zoo" fare well, the denizens of the bear-pit, luxuriating amidst abundance of buns, sweetmeats, and dainties, become lost to all

on the gate announces the inhabitants of the pit as Messrs. Bruin. In explanation, the keeper whispered to me that the gentleman who presented Mrs. Bruin insisted upon the masculinity of her sex, and, since he had been so good as to present her, it was thought only right to respect his opinion of her sex. Wonderful men are those keepers at the "Zoo." If any enterprising firm of publishers would issue a readable and complete work on Natural History, they could not do better than give each keeper his special section to write up.

"Bears are most untrustworthy beasts," said the keeper to me. "Just when they are most friendly, they are preparing, in their playful



THE BEAR-PIT AT THE "ZOO."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, NEWPORT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

sense of duty. Instead of climbing the pole, they sit up on their haunches, and seem to say to the visitor as clearly as possible, "You may pitch it to me or not, as you like; but I'm hanged if I'll climb the pole for it." But now the summer has gone and taken with it the abundance of visitors and gratuities, and Bruin in the bear-pit, like the waiters up the river, welcomes any sort of patronage. The other day I found Mr. and Mrs. Bruin sitting in their pit and moaning piteously to any chance visitor that passed by. The remnants lay by them of two cabbages that had been given to counteract the effects of their summer surfeit. In the struggle to climb the pole for a piece of stale bread, Mrs. Bruin won easily. At any rate, the keeper told me it was Mrs. Bruin, but the notice

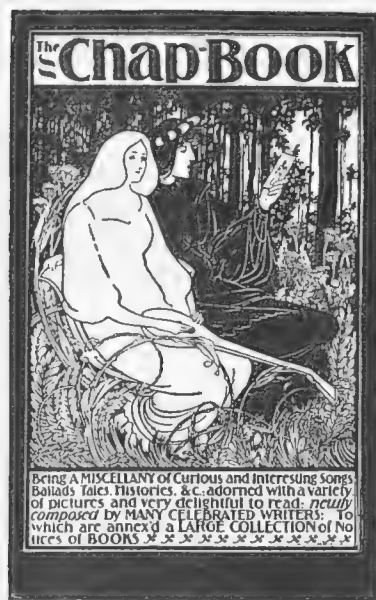
way, to claw you to bits. They are born not much bigger than rats, but in five years they are as heavy as five big men. They grow by fits and starts, too. When you think they have done growing, they begin again. Those fellows in the pit would hibernate now and sleep into next spring if they had peace to get asleep. They always do that in Russia, and waken up quite as fat at the end as at the beginning of their long sleep.

"You ought to see the Syrian bear in the next cage but one. It was the same kind that David and Elisha had to deal with. It is a great favourite with Sunday-school parties, and gives a good text for a small discourse. It would not be a bad thing to have some of those beasts wild in England to frighten the 'Go-up-bald-headers.'"



## "POSTERS IN MINIATURE."

"Posters in Miniature" is the latest addition to the literature of an aspect of art which is yet in its infancy. It has been got up by

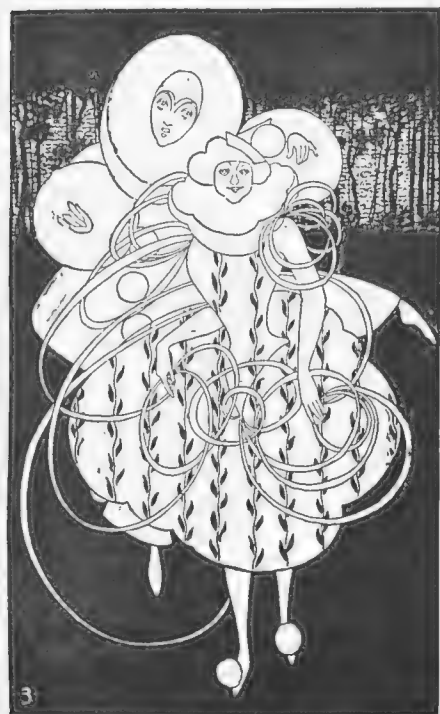


A DESIGN BY W. H. BRADLEY.  
From "Posters in Miniature."

by reproduction in black-and-white. Few artists have reached such a high standard in this respect as Mr. W. H. Bradley, who belongs to the same school as Beardsley, though he claims a totally independent, if simultaneous, origin. On the other hand, look at Chérét in black-and-white. Effective as he is in colour on a hoarding, his posters in this volume are painfully muggy and utterly ineffective. The same remark applies to much of Steinlen. Indeed, the French school has been quite outstripped in this country and in America. Unhappily, England is poorly represented in the volume. Thus we have Dudley Hardy's *To-Day* poster served up again. Infinitely more effective and more modern was his "Cinderella" for the Drury Lane pantomime last year. Again, Mr. Hassall is not even mentioned, and yet his "Newmarket" and "Little Genius," which have both been reproduced in these pages lately, have been the joy of the hoardings for months. Belgium, again, which produces some of the very best poster work in the world, has no place. The next book on posters ought to be in colours. In view of the extraordinary advances that have been made recently in colour-printing, this ought not to be an insurmountable difficulty.

POSTER FOR THE "ARTIST."

But even in black-and-white some posters are singularly effective. Such, for example, is Mr. Fisher Unwin's latest venture in this line. It lacks the grotesqueness of the two Beardsley posters that shocked people when they appeared, but it serves its purpose admirably. And yet, with all the advance in poster art, one is astonished to find some extraordinarily crude efforts at poster printing on the hoardings still. The theatres have done their duty, but divers commercial firms are far behind and seem satisfied to remain so. Nothing very striking is being posted up just now beyond Mr. Louis Rhead's brilliant essays in colour work, notably one advertising Messrs. Cassell. There is a good deal of sameness in his work, but as a novelty it is quite welcome.



A DESIGN BY W. H. BRADLEY.  
From "Posters in Miniature."

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is curious to note that certain organs of German opinion have now reached the stage in which hatred of England approaches frenzy. Not only are all the ways of Albion perfidious, but wherever anyone is injured by anything Albion is to the fore. The Hamburg dock strike, as it seems to the searching eye of the Bismarckian organ, is obviously organised by British shipowners, intent on regaining for their own ports the trade that was rapidly slipping away from them. When an ordinary, unimaginative person points out that Mr. Tom Mann and the other English agitators had previously attacked British capitalists and disturbed British trade far more seriously than they ever have done as regards German shipowners and German shipping, the *Humbugging Nach-something or other* will, doubtless, rejoin that this merely shows our diabolical craft. It would be, indeed, a peculiarly Bismarckian stroke to send the enemies of shipowners at home to attack competing shipowners abroad; but, whether from stupidity or from honesty, Englishmen have never taken kindly to the bottomless treachery that is called diplomacy abroad.

If the Hamburg strike is to be accounted the work of Englishmen acting in the interests of their country, what shall we say of the English dock strikes, which undoubtedly drove trade away to Hamburg and Antwerp? If London and Liverpool have subsidised Mr. Tom Mann to block Hamburg, surely Hamburg and Antwerp must formerly have employed him to paralyse London. The proof is as strong, or as weak, in one case as the other. If an agitator is working for English pay in promoting strikes in Germany, he must be equally working for German money when he starts a strike in England. As a matter of fact, he is not paid by either side. Agitation is a law of his nature; he is not labouring for profit, but, as a rule, for a cause subtly blended of philanthropy and vanity—for better pay, for the supremacy of Labour, for his own prominent position and notoriety. Philanthropy and vanity must blend to make a really influential agitator; the mere hypocrite is only working in order to be bought off, and the modest man soon draws back in disgust from the squalid strife and suspicion in which a Labour leader moves. A genuine purpose is the engine that drives the demagogue's vessel; but his fortune will founder if not cuirassed by the armour of vanity against argument and ridicule.

It has been remarked before, by more or less philosophical critics, that Ibsen has done one great thing for England: he has overthrown the British Mrs. Grundy, or, at any rate, divided her camp against herself. Further, he has practically nullified the Censor of Plays. The late Mr. Pigott—or was it Piggott?—did not like Ibsen, and objected also, spasmodically, to the more innocent lines in risky farces "from the French" and elsewhere. I remember how once he strongly censured a mention of a story as "blue," but was pacified at once by the substitution of "cerulean." But his successor has taken up a more logical and certainly far easier position. He is a Censor that doesn't cense, so to speak—an official who does not enforce his power, as the deacon remarked, "in any form or void." And it is our Ibsenite friends that have done it all.

For no human being in his senses could say that Ibsen's plays were demoralising. They did not present vice or crime in any attractive light—nor, indeed, anything else. Their language might be painful and free, but it could not conceivably lead to any sin, except that of sloth. The disciples of Ibsen are men and women of rigid virtue and appalling seriousness. To object on the score of morality or decency to anything such people might say or do, or care to have said or done before them, would be absolutely ridiculous. Sin and sanity are alike alien to their natures.

But the free language of Ibsen was obviously the thin end of the wedge—a thin end which seems to have become rather thick of late. Taking the obvious meaning of certain scenes in "Little Eyolf," they are as "risky" as any passages in a French farce. Their purpose is far other; but how can a Censor take any account of that? Translate the "champagne" scene between the Norwegian Tomlinson and his beautiful wife into French wit, and you have something that the critics, Ibsenite and other, will alike pronounce unfitted for the British stage. But, how are you to shut one out and let the other in? Are you to say that the improper becomes proper by boring its audience?

But, in that case, where can we draw the line? The professedly obscene book is the very dullest composition known to man. Is this, too, to pass uncensored?

MARMITON.

## HER SCHEME.

"I want a chair for the parlour," she said;  
And the clerk said, "This way, please;  
In the chair I have here, a visitor  
Will sit for hours at ease."

The maiden blushed. "I already have  
This chair. I wish you'd show  
A chair not quite so comfortable—  
For the other man, you know."

—Puck.

## THE GREAT PUBLISHING HOUSES.

## MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS.

Edinburgh in the earlier half of the century was a noted publishing as well as a printing centre. It is still the latter, but only one or two of the great publishing houses remain to assist in maintaining the well-won

reputation of the capital of the North as the "Modern Athens." Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons have been faithful to their native city, despite the natural tendency there has been for publishers to follow in the exodus of authors and artists from Scotland to London. The history of this house is unique and honourable. Bound up with it are the reputations of many of the foremost authors of the century, some of whom but for the Blackwoods' fostering influence might never have been heard of "half a mile from home."

The founder of the firm was Mr. William Blackwood, whose boyish devotion to literature determined his parents in the choice for him of a profession. He served his apprenticeship in the house of Bell and Bradfute,

and, on commencing business for himself in the Old Town of Edinburgh, his tastes led him to confine his attention almost exclusively to the antiquarian and classical branches of the trade. His shop, in consequence, became a resort of many members of that brilliant circle of men of letters of which Edinburgh then could boast. He removed to the New Town in 1816, to premises at 17, Princes Street, and there began a career as a publisher which was destined to have an important influence on the literary advancement, not only of Scotland, but of the country at large. In 1830 the firm removed to 45, George Street, the occasion being celebrated by a symposium duly chronicled in the "Noctës." The great event of Mr. Blackwood's professional career was the establishment in 1817 of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, which from the first attracted to its pages a conspicuously able and accomplished galaxy of essayists, romancers, and general writers. Mr. Blackwood himself was editor, and the names of the contributors to *Maga*, as it came to be called, are part of the literary inheritance of the century. Under its standard, which floated bravely out for Church and State and all that was most enlightened in Conservatism, were ranged John Wilson ("Christopher North"), the immortal editor of the "Noctës"; Lockhart, the biographer of Scott; Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; De Quincey; John Galt; the genial "Delta" (Dr. Moir), poet and humorist; Mrs. Hemans; Caroline Bowles, who married Southey; MacQuin, the wild wit and reckless Irishman who was immortalised by Thackeray as Captain Shandon in "Pendennis"; Captain Hamilton, brother of the philosopher; Gleig, the subaltern, who was at Oxford with Lockhart; Samuel Warren, of "Ten Thousand a-Year" fame; Alison, the historian, and father of the present popular Sir Archibald; and many others. The great Sir Walter Scott was also an occasional contributor, as was the venerable Henry Mackenzie, "the Man of Feeling."

Mr. William Blackwood died in 1834, and the management fell in succession upon his sons Alexander and Robert, who worthily upheld the traditions of the house and the *Magazine* for the next twelve years. Both having died comparatively young men, the youngest son, John Blackwood, was destined to eclipse them in length of days and reputation both as publisher and editor. Born on Dec. 7, 1818, John Blackwood was specially educated for the position which he was afterwards to hold for thirty years with so much ability, and, when a boy even, he was playfully named "the Little Editor." In 1839 he entered the house of Whitaker and Co., Paternoster Row, to learn the practical details of the publishing business. In the following year he took charge of a branch of the Edinburgh house which was opened in Pall Mall, and during his six years of London management he greatly developed the business, and was also successful in gaining recruits to the staff of the *Magazine*. In 1842, with the publication in its pages of his translation of the poems and ballads of Schiller, Bulwer Lytton began a connection with the *Magazine* which was to terminate only with his death. It was in *Blackwood* that the famous "Caxton" novels appeared anonymously.

It was in 1845 that John Blackwood returned to Edinburgh, on the death of his brother Alexander, and in the following spring he succeeded to the editorship. In 1852, on the decease of his brother Robert, he became head of the publishing house also. In 1850, Major Blackwood, of the East India Company's service, another elder brother, joined the business.

Under John Blackwood's auspices the early fame of the house and of the *Magazine* was maintained and augmented. The mighty Wilson had laid down his arms, "The Shepherd" was gone, and to fill up gaps the young editor was diligent in seeking out fresh talent. By his skill in that quest our national literature has been greatly enriched. Perception of literary merit and a faculty for correctly feeling the public pulse were outstanding features of John Blackwood's mental equipment for the

position he occupied, and great was his delight when he lighted upon a new author whose work commended itself to him. One of his greatest triumphs in that way was his discovery of "George Eliot." The story goes that G. H. Lewes, who was a contributor to the magazine, sent him the first part of "Scenes of Clerical Life," without giving the name of the writer. Blackwood perceived from the first that he had to do with an author of great power and originality, and gladly gave a place to the writings of this new contributor. When the third part reached him, he was informed that the name of the author was "George Eliot," and when he subsequently met his contributor, great was his amazement to find "George Eliot" to be a delicate-looking lady.

To go over the names of the authors whose works were published in *Blackwood* under John Blackwood's reign, and were subsequently republished in book form by the firm, would be to compile a chronicle of not a few of the most brilliant writers of the last half-century. In addition to those mentioned, they include Aytoun, whose "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" are known to every student of English literature, Laurence Oliphant, Dr. John Hill Burton, Mrs. Oliphant, Charles Lever, Sir Theodore Martin, the brothers Hamley, Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade, R. D. Blackmore, and Colonel L. W. M. Lockhart. He also published the monumental "History of the Crimean War," by Kinglake, and the works of Speke and Grant, the discoverers of the sources of the Nile. To John Blackwood rests in a large measure also the credit of affording generous recognition to that growing class of military *littérateurs*, among which were the present Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, the late General Sir George Chesney, who wrote "The Battle of Dorking," the present General Sir Henry Brackenbury, General Maurice, and others. John Blackwood was a prominent figure in political and literary life, and when he died, in October 1879, a wide circle of friends mourned his loss. During the whole of this period, it may be said that, for solid worth, brilliant talent, instructiveness, and sustained excellence, no magazine has been the equal of *Blackwood's*, and none has wielded such a prolonged and powerful influence in literature and politics. Both father and son found the *Magazine* the ladder that led to position and fame, and no history of the firm could be sketched without giving prominence to the great part *Maga* played in its fortunes. Though the Blackwoods never were identified with the publication of cheap literature, it is interesting to recall that they were the first to inaugurate the present popular form of the six-shilling and three-and-sixpenny novels with George Eliot's "Adam Bede" and "Silas Marner." Mention also must be made of their educational works, and especially of that admirable series of "Ancient Classics for English Readers," and the equally popular "Foreign Classics for English Readers" and "Philosophical Classics for English Readers."

The management of the firm has, since the death of John Blackwood, devolved upon his nephew, William Blackwood, a son of the late Major Blackwood, who was long associated with his uncle in the editing of the *Magazine* and the supervision of the general publishing business. Like his uncle, he was liberally educated, and specially trained for his present post. He was brought into contact in his youth with many of the great writers to the *Magazine*, and in his hands the traditions of the firm are worthily maintained. It is his delight to welcome to *Maga* a recruit worthy to uphold her ancient banner, and while he has had his veteran band of contributors, he has not been slow to open the pages of the *Magazine* to young and unknown writers.

The Blackwoods, from the first, have ever been generous to authors. It was the view of the original founder of the firm that publishing ought to be "a liberal profession, and not a mere business of pence"; and small wonder, therefore, that a firm conducted on such lines should have attracted to it the very best talent. The present head of the house is a man of scholarly tastes, and inherits much of the literary instinct and discrimination which has characterised the members of this notable firm. His acquaintance with men of letters is wide, he has travelled

far, he is a great worker, and, for recreation, he turns, as his uncle did before him, to the national game of golf. It is to his uncle that is attributed the saying that "golfing is the only recreation worthy of a reasonable being." William Blackwood is also a keen follower of the chase, which recalls the fact that the subject of sport has always been a leading feature of the *Magazine*.



THE LATE MR. JOHN BLACKWOOD.



MR. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD.

Photo by Crooke, Edinburgh.



## THE COSTUMES IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

There may be many differences of opinion on the artistic value of Mr. Alexander's production, but there is little doubt that he has dressed the comedy very charmingly. There never was such a gloriously beautiful Rosalind. When Orlando first sets eyes upon her, she is wearing a brocade robe in a wonderful shade of soft, dark blue, patterned with a bold conventional design; and because it is a silk-and-wool brocade, it falls in particularly soft and graceful folds from the high waistband of gold tissue, embroidered with a leaf design in brilliant green and gold sequins, to the feet, where the hem is bordered with a band of this same gold and green. The bodice is cut square, and a little chemisette of white satin, wrought with gold, gives place to a vest of velvet in a darker shade of that lovely smoke-blue, its softness well contrasted by tapering revers (if one may be excused for using so modern a word in connection with the attire of one of Shakspeare's heroines) of the shining gold tissue, while the velvet sleeves are finished with cuffs to match. A quaint head-dress of the embroidered gold, softened by a long veil of white gauze, and, for ornaments, strings of pearls linked with gold and pale sapphires, and, beneath these, festoons of sapphires, from which pointed crystals hang from a silver setting, complete the attire of the new Rosalind, Miss Julia Neilson. By the way, she wears no wig, but her own beautiful hair hangs down in unfettered luxuriance, and I find that she is now wearing a close-fitting cap of shining gold wrought with jewels, and with a great turquoise hanging at either side. How very different, how very old-fashioned beside Miss Neilson, looks Miss Woolgar, whose picture I give here as playing Rosalind forty or more years ago.

The Celia of the comedy is Miss Fay Davis, whose quaint dress of deep gold brocade is arranged with sleeves of nut-brown velvet, and a quaint bodice of plush in a paler shade of gold, studded with golden ornaments set with rubies and diamonds. A head-dress of the plush, rolled up at either side in high, tapering points, is finished with a long veil of gold tinsel. The whole effect is charming, and this quaint attire is wonderfully becoming to Miss Davis.

And then we come to the Forest of Arden, where Rosalind wears her boy's costume with infinite grace. It is carried out in a soft woollen fabric, in delightful tones of green and brown, which have been faithfully copied from the trees in autumn, the tunic almost reaching the high boots, and just a touch of white being introduced in the form of a soft white shirt, and peeping out again between the laced-up cuffs of the sleeves. A cloak of still darker green is flung round the shoulders, in such a way that, now and again, you get a glimpse of its inner

turned back with white from a little chemisette of drawn white muslin, and a puff of the white comes to finish the tight sleeves just below the elbow. A feature of the gown is an enormously deep leather corselet, and crowning Miss Davis's piquant face there is a cap of the dark-blue serge, turned up with a bordering of white.

And then, when Hymen rules the masque in the last act, Rosalind's bridal attire is of white satin, outlined with pearl embroidery, and wrought with tender green myrtle-leaves, stalked with gold. The arms are left almost free by the long hanging sleeves, and a pearl girdle is fastened loosely round the waist, while against this background of



MISS JULIA NEILSON AS ROSALIND.

shimmering white comes the glory of Miss Neilson's hair. Celia, too, is robed in white, but the hanging sleeves are lined with palest green to give just a suggestion of colour.

This masque of Hymen is one of the most exquisite things which has ever been seen. First come piping shepherds and dancing shepherdesses, the brown of the men's attire contrasting well with the delicate blue of the girls' gowns; and then there are the flower-children, some in palest green, others in equally delicate yellow or pink, and all having their pretty faces enframed by quaint white hoods wreathed round with violets and primroses, while they carry garlands of the same flowers. These, in turn, give place to white-clad maidens, crowned with white wood-anemones, their robes of white crêpe touched here and there with silver, while for the under-sleeves some lovely silk is introduced, with quaint little blue flowers stalked with green on a ground of palest yellow. Then this delicate purity of colouring is exchanged for the vivid red robes of an array of little Cupids, their golden girdles fastened with little golden hearts, while wings of glittering Impeyan feathers and wreaths of red roses and myrtle complete the attire of these little gods of love. Some of them carry golden horns, filled to overflowing with red roses, and others shoot red roses from golden bows and arrows, as they dance before Hymen (Miss Julie Opp), a radiant figure in draperies of deepest orange shading into red, and with a scarf of brilliant yellow silk caught round the arms. This blaze of colour is repeated in the great wings, but there is a contrasting touch of white in the under-dress and sleeves of soft silk, while red roses run riot round the golden torch and combine with sprigs of sweet marjoram to make a crown for Hymen.

Can you imagine something of the beauty of this scene, this riot of colour in the exquisite greenery of the forest, while the haunting music of the masque swells out? The whole scenery is a materialised poem—an idyll translated with consummate art, which with Mr. Alexander has been a labour of love; he has revelled in the details of the whole production, and the result has been that "As You Like It" is very much to everybody's liking.

FLORENCE.



MISS WOOLGAR AS ROSALIND (1852).

colouring of dark blue, and then a leather girdle, from which depends a formidable-looking dagger, a leather pouch, and a little cap, where the soft colourings of the costume are blended, all go to complete a very beautiful picture.

And Celia has discarded her finery for a gown of forget-me-not blue serge, caught up over a petticoat of darkest blue, while the bodice is

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—To-day, 4.49; to-morrow, 4.49; Friday, 4.49; Saturday, 4.49; Sunday, 4.49; Monday, 4.49; Tuesday, 4.49.

Even the Christmas numbers have not been able to dispense with the wheel. Marcus Ward's magazine gives a coloured plate of a lady cyclist in the Bois de Boulogne with this perversion of Marlowe beneath her—



BUILT FOR TWO.

O ride with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove  
Of winding path and shady grove;  
O ride with me and be my love.

Here is the sociable which I referred to the other day. It is an ideal "bike" built for two.

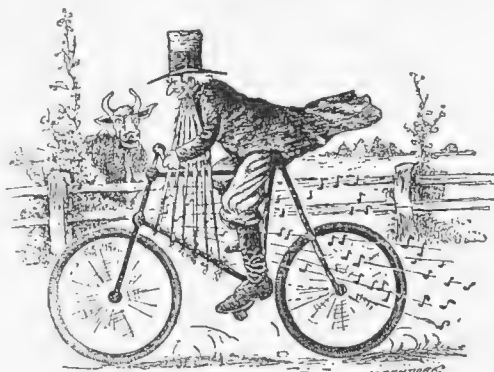
The jumping bicycle—the name savours of a mechanical toy, but there is very little of the toy about it. Everything now seems to conspire to kill the breed of horses. When the horseless carriage came into existence, we flattered ourselves that at least the breed of hunters could not be touched; but, alas! our hope was vain. He is to be relegated to the Museum of Antiquities. The hunting motor-horse has

made its appearance. This is no joke, but a stern reality. The dangers of the hunting-field will no longer exist; we shall jump the fences with mathematical accuracy; the height and breadth to be cleared will depend simply on engineering skill. The mechanism which is to bring about this result consists of two strong steel bars shaped like skates, which project on each side of the front wheel. A spring causes these to strike the ground with the required force, which propels the machine into the air so that it can clear five feet in height and about twenty-five feet in breadth, and land you safely—at least, so the inventor says. The invention is in its infancy at present, but will ere long be the rage. Who can doubt but that we shall see posted up shortly, "This Way to the Jumping Horses"? Who would patronise a switchback when jumping horses can be obtained?

Another new invention I have heard of is one that will revolutionise the present system of pneumatic tyres; these are to be done away with, and the old iron tyre brought back into use. To avoid the vibration that would otherwise occur, a species of pneumatic padding is to be introduced into the hub of the wheel, which will give all the benefit now to be obtained by the pneumatic tyre. This invention will, no doubt, meet with much opposition from the manufacturers of the present system of tyres; but any invention that will do away with punctures is bound to succeed, and the inventor will be blessed by the millions of bicyclists who now travel in fear and trembling.

The somewhat unfeminine exhibition that has just concluded at the Aquarium has given the first prize of fifty pounds to a Frenchwoman, Mlle. Dutrieu. The contest lasted twelve days, eleven competitors taking part, six French and five English, two of the latter being married women. In the twelve days the winner covered seven hundred and eighty-five miles, beating the second, Mlle. Eglée, by no less than fifteen miles and three laps. On the last day the winner began by doing over twenty-eight miles in the first hour and a half. It is not a wholesome or pretty sight to see these women tearing round the track, in scanty garments, doubled up on their "bikes," and presenting a dishevelled appearance; and as to the hygienic part of the performance, I feel confident no doctor could possibly say it is not detrimental to health.

I note with interest how the wheel is spinning into the horizon of the comic cartoonist. Here are two of his latest inventions—the Æolian harpist and the aerial cycle-yacht.



THE ÆOLIAN BICYCLE-HARP.

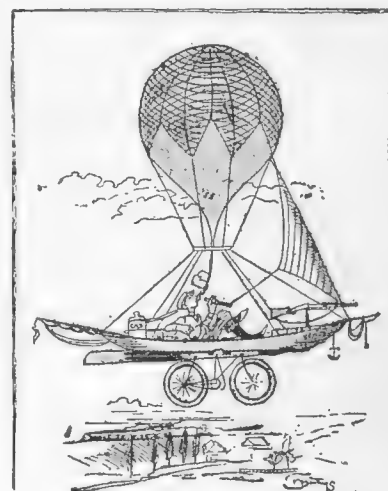
Perhaps no country in the world is better suited for the cyclist than Holland, where you may run for miles on end without meeting with an incline that even suggests a hill. In the Hague cycling is a universal amusement, horse exercise for ladies being the occasional exception. In the Bosch, and especially around the Maleveld, from early morning till dewy eve the youths of both sexes vie with one another in the occupation of the roads, and some children appear to be trained up to this new mode of locomotion almost as soon as they are able to walk. From the Hague to Scheveningen, both by canal and the Scheveningen Bosch, the roads

are almost uniformly level, and during the summer season the cyclists must seriously detract from the traffic-receipts of the horse, steam, and electric trams, so far as the conveyance of pleasure-seekers is concerned. One can readily imagine that a spin on wheels back to the Hague after a sea-bath must be both pleasanter and healthier than a ride back in a tramcar.

The visitors to the Bosch, especially in the early morning, must have observed, not without regret, the numerous carts coming in from the suburbs of the Hague, full of vegetables, drawn by dogs. To the English mind this is entirely wrong, as the employment of dogs as draught-animals was prohibited in this country by Act of Parliament many years ago. It is to be hoped, in the interests of "man's most faithful friend," that the principle of automotion may speedily be applied to this purpose, or, at any rate, tricycle-carts, such as we see in the London streets, and that the use of dogs for vehicular traffic, with or without an Act of the States-General, may soon become a thing of the past.

It is generally supposed that demand creates a supply. There is at present a great opening for some enterprising company to start cycle stables (or shall I call them cycle shelters?) throughout the West End. By stables or shelters I mean a place where riders can leave their cycles while they go shopping or visiting, &c. How much more useful would be one's "bike" if one knew what to do with it on these occasions. I would suggest that the County Council allot spaces in suitable localities where these shelters might be erected. There should be a small staff on the same principle as a cloak-room at any railway station. With a small fee charged, they would not only be quite self-supporting, but would bring in a handsome revenue.

Apropos of our canine pets, I hear that they are likely to become almost as scarce as horses. Both the distance travelled and the pace are somewhat too much for them, and consequently "doggie" has to be left at home, and misses his accustomed exercise. On this account many have discarded their dogs as well as their horses. The iron steed reigns supreme. Not long ago there was a bicycle-race from Paris to Marseilles, and the man who came in second pleaded that he ought to have the first prize, because he had been delayed by having run over a dog on the way. But the man who won the first prize answered, "That is no reason, because I myself have run over several, and I consider that I generally run over them at the rate of a dog a-day."

THE BALLOON CYCLE-YACHT.  
From a German Comic Paper.

## SELBORNE UP TO DATE.\*

It is over a hundred years ago that the genial Gilbert White wrote his "Natural History of Selborne," and made the sleepy little parish known to the world. The charm of the book has remained ever fresh, and the author, of whom it was said that "he was a still, quiet body, and there wasn't a bit of harm in him," is more honoured now than he was among his parishioners. What is the secret of the charm of the book? White was a close observer of nature, and he recorded his observations in simple English. He selected interesting subjects and wrote interestingly about them. He was no copyist, no compiler. The type of field naturalist of which Gilbert White was the *beau-ideal* has in the latter days of the nineteenth century become somewhat scarcer than formerly, but there is still a vast domain open to the field naturalist. Professor Miall has written a delightful little book on common natural history objects. Every page is interesting, and written in language which can be understood by a perfect tyro, for the author hopes to get for his audience "especially young observers of out-of-door nature." Goethe's remark, "Man sieht nur was man weiss," is the keynote of the book, and at every turn we are met with a confirmation of the truth of the saying of the great poet-scientist. The chapters on snowflakes, catkins, buds, the fall of the leaf, and weeds, are full of acute observations, which may be verified by anyone who has interest in out-of-door life. The chapter on the Professor's dog and cat is humorous and full of life. An excellent *résumé* of Jenner's observations on the habits of the cuckoo is seasonably introduced, and serves to heighten admiration in the doctor of Berkeley, whose greater discovery was celebrated throughout the civilised world a few weeks ago. Professor Miall's book is what it professes to be, a record of observations, and, as such, is valuable to a section of the community whose observing faculties are dull and untrained.

\* "Round the Year: a Series of Short Nature-Studies." By Professor L. C. Miall, F.R.S. London: Macmillan and Co.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

To-day is fateful for the Universities, and the splendid ground of the Queen's Club in West Kensington will be thronged by the usual enthusiastic crowd. Somehow or other, the Rugby match is very different from the Association. The latter fixture excites but lukewarm attention, whereas the Rugger battle sets the football world a-talking.

A great feature about to-day's game is that the situation is almost identical with that of last season. Then, as now, the Light Blue fifteen were the favourites, with a tremendous record. Whether the coincidence will be pursued to the extent of giving the Cantabs the victory is, of course, a matter of doubt; but I sincerely trust that, in one respect at least, the environment will be dissimilar from that of 1895-6, when an impenetrable fog completely hid the game from the view of the ordinary spectator.

People are saying that Oxford have a brilliant three-quarter line; and that, therefore, the match is by no means over. Of course, the match is not over, for football is a weirdly uncertain game. But I would point out that last year also there was nothing wrong with the Dark Blue back lot. Unfortunately for them, they got very few openings, for the Cantabs speedily asserted their superiority in the "scrums," and maintained their advantage throughout.

Now, it will be scarcely believed that, despite the excellence of the victories of the Light Blues this season, there are some folks who contend that the Cambridge pack leaves something to be desired. And yet Cambridge have only once suffered defeat this season, which is more than counterbalanced by the tremendous nature of some of the margins.

Perhaps I had better give the performances of the rival Blues in parallel columns—

CAMBRIDGE.			OXFORD.		
Versus	Points.		Versus	Points.	
Guy's Hospital...	27—3		R. I. E. C. ...	11—0	
Harlequins ...	32—0		London Scottish ...	0—0	
St. Thomas's ...	34—0		Devonport Albion ...	25—0	
Richmond ...	5—6		Old Merchant Taylors ...	23—0	
Rosslyn Park ...	65—0		Richmond ...	16—6	
Old Leysians ...	37—0		Blackheath ...	0—6	
Edinburgh Wanderers ...	26—3		Newport ...	0—12	
Blackheath ...	9—0		Harlequins ...	31—9	
West of Scotland ...	23—4		Cardiff... ...	13—22	
London Scottish ...	0—0		Monkstown ...	22—5	
Edinburgh Academicals ...	0—12				
Total ...	253—28		Total ...	141—60	

In the face of these figures no explanation is needed. One very important feature is that, whereas Oxford have secured a number of unconverted tries, Cambridge possess in T. J. Thomas and S. P. Bell two of the most accurate place-kicks of the day. It is not at all unlikely that the issue may be dependent upon place-kicking. This art is not practised sufficiently in 'Varsity—or, for that matter, elsewhere either.

## CRICKET.

I am sorely afraid that Lord Hawke's tour to the West Indies with his band of English cricketers will not be an unqualified success, for another gentleman, a Mr. Priestley, is also to tour in the West Indies with a team of such superior strength as to threaten the success of the other.

This clash reminds me of the time when Australia was visited simultaneously by two English teams, under the captaincy of Mr. G. F. Vernon, and Shaw and Shrewsbury, respectively. In this case the strange circumstance was that both sides proved wonderfully successful, and, though the Notts men had the larger number of professionals, it would be difficult to say that Mr. Vernon's combination was weaker.

If I remember aright, the teams met at the end of the season, and combined forces for a grand match against All Australia. This was won in splendid style by the Old Country. I don't think that now we could send two teams to the Colonies who would hold their own. It will probably be as much as we can do to send one. We shall see when Mr. Stoddart's lot go out next winter.

## BOXING.

I am afraid that the competitions of the German Gymnastic Society in the Turnhalle in Pancras Road will not be so successful as they were some years ago. Of late there has been a marked falling off, both in quality and quantity.

The reason of this is not very far to seek by anybody who knows anything of the amateur boxing class. Even considerations of glory do not outweigh the hesitancy on their part to "run a risk" for a paltry medal. The German Gymnastic Society never give cups. I do not blame them, because, if a man is an amateur boxer, and boxes for the sport, he will go into the ring without any reward. Unfortunately, there are not many who look at the thing in this light, and very few clubs which will offer medals, knowing as they do that the list of entries will be small and will not include the best men. Even amateur boxers do not relish the idea of a club making money out of their skill.

A subject more serious is the general negligence to give prizes to runners-up in a competition. Even in the championships themselves only one prize—a beautiful cup—is given for each weight. Over and over again I have seen a man beaten in the final by the merest

hair's-breadth. At other times I have seen men returned winners when they were certainly beaten. I don't think any harm would be done, especially in the championships, if the runner-up were given something to remind him of the fact that he had reached so far. OLYMPIAN.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Very few new trainers have sprung up under National Hunt Rules. Draffin, who acted for some years as head lad to Waugh, has twenty jumpers under his charge at Epsom. Mr. McAuliffe has a useful string of horses at Shipston-on-Stour, and Mr. Dormer runs stables at Epsom and in Oxfordshire. Mr. Bletsoe has started a training establishment in the near neighbourhood of Northampton, and Miller has charge of the horses belonging to Miss Norris and the brothers Widger at Portslade. Of the old trainers, Lyncham, Armstrong, Joe Cannon, W. Nightingall, Collins, Pinney, Pullen, Escott, and R. Chaloner are going in strongly for jumpers, and even R. Marsh owns a hurdle-racer.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild for the owners, Mornington Cannon for the professional jockeys, and Mr. Lushington for the gentleman riders represent a leading trio now that the flat season is over. I should like to complete the round by giving the winning trainer, but there is no record kept of the number of races won by members of that worthy body. Mr. Rothschild has, during the past two seasons, and especially the one just closed, reaped where he has long sown. His harvest during many years was but a small one compared with his sowing; but no man, with the exception of the Duke of Portland, has had such a large measure of good fortune as this leading sportsman during the one that ended on Saturday last. He has a lovely place at Ascott, and close by, near Leighton Buzzard, a stud-farm, where he has bred many winners. Of Mornington Cannon there is little to be said that has not been iterated. His cleverness as a horseman is a byword, and this year he has in no way suffered by a comparison with any former year. Mr. Lushington is the pick of the amateur riders—the Archer of his class. An average of one win in less than three rides is his proud record, and some of his wins have been gained more by skill than the excellence of his mounts.

It is a matter for satisfaction that the largest aggregates in stakes are always made by the owners who "go straight," as a colloquial but expressive phrase has it. The professional owner finds no interest in the classic and valuable races, and so leaves them alone to make his money on small handicaps with horses that are generally rendered paper certainties by a course of "readying." The real supporters of an institution must be few, like the girders and pillars that hold together a large public building under the roof of which many congregate. It is so with the Turf. Were it not for the men who race for the sport, the professional owner would have to seek other means of getting a living. This latter class is not always desirable, but it includes some men who, like Cæsar's wife, are above suspicion. On the other hand, some are up to all the sharp tricks that bring grist to the mill. These men bring no credit to the Turf, which would be better for their absence.

The most remarkable race that has been recorded during this year is that which was run for the April Stakes at the Curragh, and the more one looks at it in the light of running that has taken place since, the more one must marvel at the eccentric form of those that on the occasion in question finished behind Bridegroom. Winkfield's Pride finished nearer last than first in two races over here, and then carried off the two Cambridgeshires, ran a great horse in the Derby Cup, and just missed the Manchester November Handicap. St Jarlath would almost have won the Liverpool Cup but for the scrimmage, and won the Midland Counties Handicap at Warwick. Gulsalberk won the Irish Derby, and Chit Chat ran well in our Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. But the others have done practically nothing, those that have since won having beaten horses of the commonest class only. They comprise Drimnakeever, Lady Vic, Suppliant, Nassac, Belle Lena, and Alfio. Lastly, Bridegroom has since only run once, and made a wretched exhibition of himself. What people want to know is, how came he to win the Curragh April Stakes? It is one of the bits of form shown during the year that wants some explanation.

Wagering on the Derby of '97 will not open out until far in the spring, and, indeed, the days of ante-post betting of any sort are numbered, as eleventh-hour favourites have a nasty habit of popping up, to the discomfiture of speculators generally, and ante-post bettors in particular. I hear Velasquez is wintering well, and backers can rely on a run for their money, as Lord Rosebery is fond of the Derby. Galtee More will, if I am not greatly mistaken, develop into a smasher as a three-year-old. The galloping-grounds at Berkhampton are always sound, and nothing short of a heavy snow-fall can stop his work. The race at present looks to rest between the two animals named.

## NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



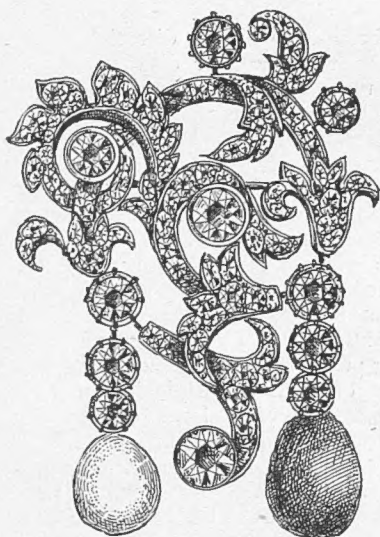
## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## SOME UNCOMMON CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

There is a cheery and bustling air about town at the moment which is especially infectious. The fresh and beaming air of benevolence that is brought up to London by our country cousins intent on Christmas purchases seems to communicate itself even to the most superior citizen for the nonce. For we all of us have somebody to get from, or someone to give to, at least once a year—the Fates be thanked!—and, indeed, I know not whether it is not more blessed to give than to receive, seeing how cheaply bought are many of the joys we can bestow on others at Christmas. Take the children, for instance. What war-whoops of delight from the boys and gentler ecstasies of the girls greet the books and games and dolls sent home by beneficent relatives! More than ever am I sorry for my own dear departed nursery-days when viewing the mechanical marvels in toys invented for this too well-treated generation of youngsters.

perspective, I advise a visit to Peter Robinson's fan department, which is, in fact, quite a museum of these dainty toys, from tiny Antoinette fans of spangle and carved ivory to most magnificent specimens of pearl-handled Florentine and Venetian laces. There are besides, eagle's-wing, marabout, or ostrich feather in every colour of the rainbow, and many that it never reaches, while specimens of the most delicate hand-painting, in flower and figure subjects, chosen with exquisite taste, appeal powerfully to sympathetic purse-strings.

I suppose we women will never be quite civilised out of our love of jewellery. Not that one wants to be! But sometimes, when it is learnedly asserted that we share our adoration of gewgaws with Cherokees and Choctaws, who hang themselves with promiscuous beads and blankets, the melancholy suggestion presents itself that a day *may* come when pearls and rubies will no more form part of our *entourage*, and the Improved Woman go forth in all the severe and stern barrenness of her unadorned personality. May those days be long deferred, and,



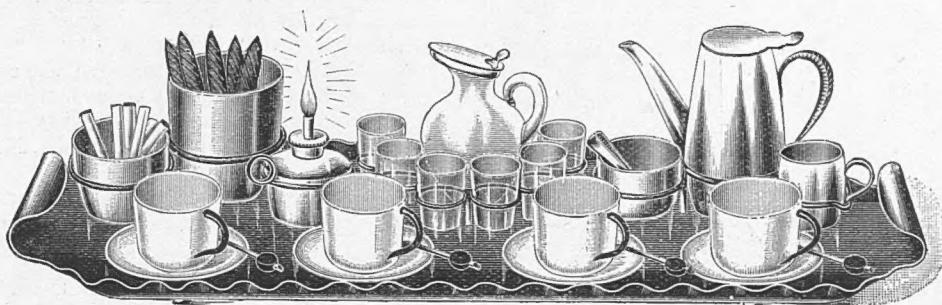
BLACK AND WHITE PEARLS OF PRICE.



OPALS AND WHITE SAPPHIRES.



DIAMONDS AND TURQUOISE ON CURB CHAIN.



COFFEE KÜMMEL AND CIGARS.

WILSON AND GILL'S CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Peter Robinson's Bazaar is alone a liberal education in such scientific surprises—a juvenile Garden of Eden, that leaves nothing for the young imagination to sigh for, containing within its ample walls every joy that can administer to fresh young palates from six to sixteen. For a modest guinea there are fleecy Southdowns that bleat and browse in the most muttonly manner possible; gay young heifers whose gentle lowing would disarm the most callous butcher; a very naughty doll that kicks and screams when laid down, and sobs for her "Mamma" when held upright—quite the most screamingly funny toy ever seen or heard of. White poodles, trained to dance and play cymbals with great agility, are only 7s. 11d. A nanny-goat with half-a-dozen accomplishments, the least of which is balancing a feather on its nose; a pug, whose bicycling paces would do credit to Battersea Park; a high-kicking *danseuse* enshrined in satin tights—a very century-end development of mechanical genius indeed! A most charming present for the country house where impromptu dances are in frequent order would be a large musical-box with flute accompaniment, which plays all the new dance-music to admiration. Dainty go-carts, with a pair of smart cobs in very showy action, would delight the small charioteer. Domestic dinner-services in miniature, and dolls of various and unimaginable fascinations, from a modest 2s. 11d. to a gorgeous five guineas, are foregathered for small maids of maternal instinct. Everything, in short, that the kingdom of Toyland owns is here represented, and I should say a more amusing half-hour could not well be spent than in exploiting this Wonderland so full of enchanting surprises. For grown-up damsels with dances in joyous

meanwhile, to quote a current and most attractive centre for the exchange and barter of the precious gems we so much affect, there is Wilson and Gill's shop in Regent Street, a very shrine of the Eternal Feminine, which has a reputation for the delicacy of its designs and the lustre of its jewels that is not attained or deserved of many. One or two sketches will convey, though slightly, my meaning. This Louis Quatorze brooch, for instance, set with stones of the first water, has a white and a black pearl as pendants to its knot shape, the last-named jewel representing quite one half its very considerable value. An uncommon brooch of the curb-chain order set with gems has a turquoise acorn-shaped pendant, the cup set with diamonds. A lovely bracelet of fiery opals and white sapphires, placed rosary fashion, with gold links between, is in the best possible taste, as is an opal and diamond heart-shaped pendant; the former stone, having disproved superstitious tradition, is once more with us, as it was with the ancients, in high fashion and favour. There is a new but rare stone, of a pale but brilliant green, of which Wilson and Gill have a practical monopoly. It is called "olivine," and when set with diamonds seems to scintillate a pale-green flame in answer to their fiery whiteness. A flexible sapphire-and-diamond bracelet made havoc with my affections, as did its fellow scarcely less, that being a string of many-coloured sapphires—brown, amber, white, green, claret—set thickly on a stout and solid gold curb. Pearl dog-collars, that show up a lovely throat to admiration, were here in plenty, but half a dozen "knots" of diamonds, through which an inch-wide band of turquoise velvet was threaded, seemed still more lovely. Hat-pins in precious stones are a growing



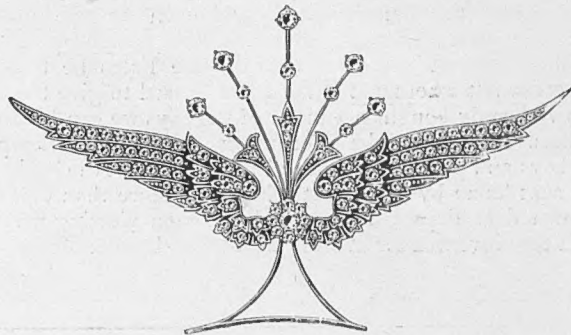
vanity with luxurious women, and a selection from which it is difficult to choose without yearning over all awaits them at 134, Regent Street. Necklaces, too, of infinitely dainty pattern and workmanship will here appeal to persons of taste. Here a network of small pearls looped in tiny festoons for the white neck of some delicate damsel, there a gorgeous rivière of vivid brilliants to grace the high estate of prosperous matronhood. From among their heaps of beautiful silver plate I have chosen a coffee and liqueur set for illustration which is in real life especially seductive.

From jewel-safe to plate-chest is not a far cry, and to Elkington's, as an approved presiding genius of the latter, I would direct the attention of all householders, whether cooing couples beginning life romantically *à deux*, or prosperous and typical heads of families of hospitable habit and well-accounted surroundings. From a teaspoon to a tureen, it is well understood that in all matters of plate the best is cheapest, as it is equally admitted that at Elkington's all is of the best. With such an old and honoured reputation as theirs to live up to, it is easy to realise that the highest standard of excellence is their only one, and City Fathers will no less endorse this opinion of 73, Cheapside, than will dwellers in the West End declare by Elkington's Regent Street establishment. For these and other reasons a Christmas or New Year visit to one or other will probably be a foregone fixture with many on present-giving intent, and numerous novelties now on view even to the merely curious will quite repay examination. Some delightful Christmas-cards of beaten silver in relief, framed in velvet, reproductions of famous pictures, are quite a change from the ordinary season souvenir of this sort. For the writing-table a heavy crystal ink-bottle, with a reversible silver top, is useful, novel, handsome, and moderate in price. An accessory for the after-dinner hour which will charm him who loves the good things of this life is a combined liqueur-bottle with several compartments within to take various liqueurs, the contrast of these differently coloured liquids making capital effect.

For Scotch whisky a finely cut crystal bottle, shaped like a thistle, with silver mounts, and a quaint hollow measure to serve for stopper, is a miracle of ornamental ingenuity. A gun-metal pencil, with inch measures picked out in gold, is charming and quite absurdly cheap. The useful sauceboat to accompany our courses is now also mounted on a spirit-lamp, an innovation that will greatly appeal to the gourmet,

so that dishes can now be brought up from the kitchen and placed on it while a former course is in process of demolition, thus obviating all accidents and vexatious delays so heartrending to the soul of the hostess. The magnificent plate won by Sir James Miller's good horse, La Sagesse, is now on view at Elkington's Regent Street house, among a dozen other recent and interesting trophies.

It is an absolutely unanswerable argument that the next best thing to possessing diamonds is to own their attractive prototypes, for, although science has not yet arrived at duplicating Golconda, most excellent and



A SWALLOW-WING AIGRETTE AT FAULKNER'S.

energetic efforts have been made in that direction, none more artistic or faithful to nature than the Faulkner diamonds, to wit. A daintily designed aigrette of these stones, forming also corsage ornaments at will, is one of Faulkner's very successful effects. It sets off a well-arranged coiffure to admiration, and is brilliant enough to defy the most sceptical regards. Bracelets of well-admired sapphires or rubies and brilliants are here rendered surprisingly realistic, stones and setting being equally worthy of praise. Diamond necklaces, set clear by skilful lapidaries, are wonderful semblances of the "real thing."

Muff or lorgnette chains in delicate and variously coloured enamel, with pearls intermixed, make charming and distinctly inexpensive presents. Some quaint miniature rings, set in small brilliants, capital copies, too, of the antique, are a growing and picturesque fashion; long ropes of gleaming pearls from one guinea upwards; Louis Quatorze waist-buckles, copies of famous originals; side-combs on lines correspondingly ornamental—every form of jewellery, in fact, to which the diamond can add distinction is numbered in Faulkner's comprehensive list, which has done so much to popularise handsome, well-designed jewellery among that large public which, though well accounted at all points, stops short at the outlay real gems necessitate.

Foremost in the group of enterprising and energetic caterers for the great B.P.—which spells Benevolent Persons as well as British Public, *bien entendu*—stand Parkins and Gotto, their gay shop being this year more than ever a modern museum of up-to-date luxuries. From needles to anchors, metaphorically, or all the unthinkable century-end common nouns that have come into vogue since that classic phrase was coined, there are here most satisfying assortments, and kindly disposed relatives bent on presently personating Santa Claus will find this favourite shop a very happy hunting-ground of charming and original creations for quickly coming Christmas.

There are dressing-bags, dressing-cases, toilet-fittings of every size, sort, and price, even embracing "a youth's or non-shaver's" fitted arrangement, sold at 12s. 6d. Just the present to give destructive and reckless school-boys, who lose everything they ought to keep, and forget everything that were better remembered. The always decorative, useful, and welcome photo-frame appears in a hundred new and fascinating forms; autograph-albums, with artistically designed spaces for signatures, at 4s. or 5s. each; charming Queen Anne tea-services in best plate for 4½ guineas; the shirt-cuff watch, warranted to go correctly, for 31s. 6d., a quaint and useful present; tea- and luncheon-baskets, completely, even luxuriously fitted, at absurdly low prices, one at 20s. for two persons, another at 38s. for three, and so on. Smokers of both genders will hail with joy the introduction of silver cigarette-paper holders, smart and useful trifles, at 5s. each. Cycle *nécessaires* are now evidently taking the place in our affections once occupied by work-boxes, and are fitted with every outdoor requirement—purse, card-case, scent-bottle, watch, &c.—which makes them decidedly the biker's *vade-mecum*. An amber cigarette-tube with gold mounts, in plain silver case, is extraordinarily cheap for 26s. 6d., and the very gift of all others for the present generation of both genders. One could, in fact, dilate endlessly on the long roll-call of Parkins and Gotto's prettinesses; but to see is better than to hear, never more so than in this present instance, as all will admit who wend their way to 60, Oxford Street, before Christmas.

Anticipating the forthcoming benevolence of our best friends, Atkinson's, of Bond Street, have also prepared fascinating surprises in glove- and handkerchief-sachets, satin-lined, perfumed cabinets, and other attractive specialities for which this shop is noted. Cases of their celebrated "White Rose" will especially appeal to the cultivated taste in sweet essences. Its perfume, at once so delicately fragrant and lasting, obtains, and deserves, universal approbation.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

KETTLEDUM (Curragh Camp).—I am glad you were able to select your presents from my notice of Mappin and Webb. It was merely a clerical error having put Cheapside as their address. As a matter of fact, their City shop has Queen Victoria Street on one side and Poultry on the other. However, I am glad you found it so easily.

SYBIL.



SAUCES PIPING HOT.

FOR OLD SCOTCH.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

THE HOT-PLATE PAR EXCELLENCE.

SOME INVENTIONS AT ELKINGTON'S.

English cooks too little understanding the value of sauces "piping hot." I was immensely fetched with a carriage-clock having the tiniest possible electric-light overhead to light the dial by pressing a button. A new patent electro-plated plate-warmer, with removable aluminium top-plate, is the veritable long-felt want of modern dinners, the aluminium slab retaining heat for quite an hour after it has been withdrawn from oven or hot-plate,



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on Dec. 11.*

## THE BANK STATEMENT.

The statement issued by the Bank last week showed that the amount in gold taken for abroad was comparatively trifling, amounting only to £89,000. The reduction in the Reserve is attributable, in a large measure, to the usual outflow of currency to the country at the end of the month. The total of 26½ millions at reserve compares with 35½ millions a year ago. Coin and bullion is 35½ millions against 44½ millions, and the "other" deposits 42½ millions against about 50½ millions.

## ALLSOPPS.

There has been a rapid upward movement in the Ordinary stock of this company since the last Settlement, when the price stood as low as 168. The recent drop was no doubt attributable, in a large measure, to the conditions of the Money Market. Dealers are always ready to take advantage of dear money to lower the prices of investment securities. The prospects of cheaper money after the turn of the year has brought in a considerable number of buyers, and there is every appearance of the stock moving up again to the highest point touched in the current year, namely, 187. There are, indeed, some authorities on the subject who talk of the stock reaching as high as 200. The chairman at the last meeting expressed the opinion that the holders of the Ordinary stock would be in receipt of a better dividend when next he met them. If this is borne out by results, and we do not see why it should not be, in view of the improving conditions of trade, there is little doubt but that the stock will reach the point indicated. It is a remarkable company, and as its progress has been very consistent in the past, we are disposed to take a hopeful view of the future.

## BRITISH COLUMBIAN MINING.

As we promised last week, we are able to give our correspondent's first letter dealing with this subject and the Crow's Nest Pass Railway, which is the primary thing necessary to make success possible. If our readers are interested in the subject, it will repay them to follow our correspondent's explanations on a good map.

## CROW'S NEST RAILWAY AND WHAT IT MEANS.

That brilliant Canadian statesman, Joseph Howe, addressing an audience in 1851, exclaimed, "I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, yet I venture to predict that many in this room will live to hear the whistle of the steam-engine in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and to make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six days." That this prophecy of the great Nova Scotian has been fulfilled, those who enter the train at Halifax, Quebec, or Montreal, travel through the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, skirt the shores of Lake Superior, pass over the luxuriant prairies of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, and gaze in awe on the sublime majesty of the peaks and cañons of the Rockies and Selkirks, will readily testify.

Not more than twenty years ago many practical minds condemned the policy of attempting to pierce what was then known as an inhospitable region, a virtual "sea of mountains." There were others who argued that Providence never created without a motive; therefore, wealth of some description existed within the stony heart of the region which up to a few years before had been known as New Caledonia. The Canadians are a conservative and practical people, and not without misgivings sanctioned the construction of the Pacific Railway. Few imagined that within eleven years of the first train starting from Montreal to Vancouver, public sentiment would demand a further extension of this national system. But so it is; and now the building of a line through the southern portion of British Columbia is virtually removed from the category of mere probabilities. Seemingly, not content with a victory over Nature in overcoming barriers erected in the Kicking Horse Pass, Rogers' Pass, and the Fraser Cañon, the man looks for other fields, and yearns to test his prowess amid the boulders, streams, gorges, and gradients surrounding the projected Crow's Nest Pass Railway.

It must be remembered that the Canadian Pacific Railway owed its

origin to terms made with British Columbia when that province entered the Union. The project was the outcome of a national bargain; but that it would ever yield dividends, or cease to be a burthen upon the public treasury, only the most sanguine could ever bring themselves to believe.

After all, a man conversant with the possibilities, and realising the reserved power of the land of his birth, is the peer of him who has arrived at a stage of wisdom enabling him to know himself. Travellers converse flippantly about the Colosseum, Pompeii, Montenegro, the Alps, the "Cheops," and a score of mummified "Have Beens," but, when catechised with reference to the country of their nativity, are found absolutely void of information. Too long this applied to the Dominion of Canada!

"Across the Atlantic" was the acme of Young Canada's ambition, Europe being the Mecca of all hopes and aspirations. Hence, it is not surprising that, while they were crossing the Atlantic, shrewd citizens of the United States were "crossing the border" and gradually discovering that in Southern British Columbia were areas of gold and silver well worthy of attention. These men deserve credit for the industry, energy, and enterprise with which they carried on their investigations in East and West Kootenay; only recently have the Canadians awakened to the fact that their best properties were in foreign hands.

The Crow's Nest Pass Railway will develop a great coal country within a hundred and twenty-five miles of the West Kootenay mines. The reports of Dr. Dawson, R. G. McConnell, and J. McEvoy, with reference to the vastness of the fields, are in every way reliable. This ensures what West Kootenay requires: a fair agricultural area, a splendid body of lumber, and, from the Foot Hills of Western Alberta, coal outcrops of unquestionable value. For these reasons, the railway is necessary, and will not cost over 5,000,000 dollars (£1,000,000 in round numbers). Again, the commerce of all the Kootenay and Okanagan districts has been carried into United States channels—Spokane, Seattle, and Tacoma in Washington, and Helena in Montana. To stop this deflection Eastern as well as Western trading circles have fully resolved; to procure a good local smelting-coal, the mine operators are most anxious; and, naturally, those who have invested large sums in smelters at Trail, Nelson, and other points, desire to buy in the cheapest possible market.

Besides this, consequent upon recent scientific discoveries and a better knowledge of ore treatment, producers realise that they have been paying too big a foreign tax; in short, all the profits have been absorbed by the smelting companies. Experts hold that the cost can be reduced more than one-half, and this appears to be correct, judging from local experiences. Up to a recent date the Tacoma (U.S.) smelter allowed ninety per cent. on the lead contents at New York quotations, less one and a-half per cent. for duty, and ninety-five per cent. of the silver, also at New York quotations, less a smelting-charge of nine dollars (£1 16s.). The smelter at East Helena (U.S.) allowed the full contents, deducting twenty-five dollars (£5) for smelting charges. There are now smelting plants at Kaslo and Pilot Bay, while the smelters at Revelstoke and Golden are not working. It may also be mentioned that, consequent upon want of Canadian transport facilities, at least 4,000,000 dollars (£800,000) in values find their way into the coffers of the United States operators every year.

The Crow's Nest Pass Railway will in certain sections present many engineering difficulties. From the Canadian Pacific main line at Medicine Hat a substantial branch is already constructed to Lethbridge, and the gap to be filled is between Lethbridge and Macleod, and from Macleod to the Crow's Nest Pass. Through the Crow's Nest Pass the system will connect with Robson and Nelson, thence from Robson to Rossland. The road would really be in operation to-day had it not been for the procrastination—or perhaps, timidity would be a better word—of the Government which resigned in July last. To-day the people of the coast cities of British Columbia are clamouring for a through line; in fact, a second Pacific Railway, so that the East may not draw off all the business from Victoria and Vancouver. Many consider the Canadian Pacific authorities contemplate extending their line as far as Penticton, on Lake Okanagan, and, subsequently, still further extending it to tap the main line at a southern point on the Fraser River, thus escaping the heavy gradients now proving both so dangerous and so expensive.

Recently the Board of Trade of Victoria passed resolutions in favour of the province borrowing money (about ten or twelve millions of dollars, perhaps more), and constructing an independent line from the coast to the mining country. It would be a hazardous experiment, if Canadian experience in Government railway ownership and operation is any criterion. Then, again, there is another proposition, that the Dominion should build and operate the southern line; but this is more of a sectional than national idea. The Canadian Pacific Railway has been no mean factor in the progress of the entire West; it has influence and friends, and is not likely to be strangled in the general scrimmage. Talk is one thing, building three or four hundred miles of line through a mountainous country quite another. Meanwhile, the C.P.R. can chuckle over the fact that no time has been wasted in meeting the demands of various portions of the mineral districts.

From the main line at Sicamous Junction a branch railway runs to Vernon and Okanagan, at the head of Lake Okanagan, connecting with steamers running on that magnificent sheet of water. From Revelstoke, on the main line, a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway conveys passengers to Arrowhead, where the Columbia and Kootenay Navigation Company begins operations. The traveller takes these boats from Nakusp to reach the Slocan country, a branch being built to Sandon, or, if desirous of going to Robson, remains on the boat. From Robson, Nelson is reached by train. At present, if wishing to reach Trail, *via* Canada, the only mode of transport is the Columbia and Kootenay steamers, from which point a railway has been built to Rossland. The gaps between Sandon, to the north, and Robson and Nelson, to the south, as well as the gap between Nakusp and Arrowhead, being completed, give the Canadian Pacific four distinct links, connecting its northern main line with the projected southern line, namely, from Calgary south to Macleod; from Revelstoke south to Robson, Nelson, and Rossland; from Sicamous to Penticton; and from Ashcroft to Mission Junction.



DR. E. BOWES, ROSSLAND'S FIRST  
PROVINCIAL HEALTH OFFICER.



ORE LOADING AT A MINE, ROSSLAND, BRITISH COLUMBIA.



## THE NAVAL CONSTRUCTION COMPANY.

This concern has been, it appears, acquired by some responsible company, and rumour has it that the Nordenfolt Company is also to be sold to the same quarter. This being the case, it was only natural that the shares of both companies should show sign of advancing. The Naval Construction and Armaments Company's—on the basis that the shareholders should receive £5 for each per share, with interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum—have gone up to nearly 5, and Nordenfelts stand at 4. It is stated, on good authority, that the purchasing company contemplates great developments in the shipbuilding and marine engineering business, and in the construction of guns and armaments, for the production of which Barrow is admirably situated. Barrow is naturally surprised over the sale of the company's undertaking, but undoubtedly good will eventually come by it.

## HOME RAILS.

The Home Rail traffic returns continue to come forward in a very satisfactory manner. Thus, for the week ending Nov. 29, there are increases of £11,012 in North-Eastern, £7182 in London and North-Western, £6354 in Great Eastern, and £6080 in Great Western. On the other hand, there are very few decreases, and those are of trifling importance. The prices in this department having been run up excessively high during the reign of cheap money, there has been a tendency to react somewhat when it became scarcer. In view, however, of the prospects of money again becoming easier, together with the approaching dividends, we are likely to see shortly an upward movement in the price of this class of security.

## BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

Now that the report of Mr. Stephen Little, the expert appointed to examine into the affairs of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has been issued to the public, it will afford the shareholders and others interested food for reflection. The report, which covers seven years and two months, to Nov. 30, 1895, stated that the net income was overstated to the extent of 2,721,068 dollars, and that 2,843,596 dollars were mischarged on account of worn-out equipment to profit and loss account. There are further irregularities noted, in that 2,064,741 dollars have been wrongly charged to income account under the head of construction, and 3,575,453 dollars also wrongly charged to betterments of leased lines. Mr. Little points out that two fraudulent acts had been committed to conceal the overstatement of the net income—there was a bogus account styled "general adjustment account," and another called "securities adjustment account."

## THE NEW ZEALAND LOAN COMPANY.

Last Friday saw the shareholders and directors of this loan and finance company meet to pass the second annual report since the reconstruction. In his opening statement the chairman admitted that the year's working showed far worse results than were at first anticipated. He put down the primary cause of this failure to the severe drought which was prevalent over all the Colonies in 1895. The loss from this cause he assessed at £40,000; but we have our doubts if the earning powers of the company are equal to this sum, drought or no drought. A shareholder drew the Board's attention to the existence of bad and doubtful debts in the profit and loss account, when the chairman at the last meeting was understood to say that these would not occur again. On being pressed by more than one shareholder, the chairman admitted that the assets of the company could not be approximately estimated, owing to the scattered nature of the company's business. It is obvious that a very large sum will have to be provided before the deficits shown in the balance-sheet can approximate to the real value of the assets.

## THE MAN LAWSON AND THE "FINANCIAL NEWS."

Despite the lavish advertisements which have been distributed far and wide by the man Lawson in connection with his exploded Motor-car Syndicate, the Press, with the exception of the *Financial News*, has almost universally warned the investing public against being deluded by the prospectus by which it was proposed to convert a considerable portion of the paper which is dignified by the name of share-certificates, into good, honest cash. That the *Financial News* should have proved an exception to the honourable position taken up by the great bulk of the Press, cannot be surprising to those of our readers who have watched the way in which its columns have for years been conducted, and who remember the exposure of its proprietor's methods afforded by a certain libel action tried at the Old Bailey. Praise of every enterprise from the *Financial News* is so much a matter of course, and so worthless, that it probably does more harm than good. The attack on this motor-car business, headed by *The Sketch*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Financial Times*, has, we sincerely trust, put an end for a time to the man Lawson's schemes, and, although our remarks appeared in print after our contemporaries had done their splendid work, the readers of *The Sketch* will not forget that we had previously warned the public, and last week's "Notes" had gone to the printer before we knew what line any other journal was going to take.

The absurd attempt to create, or rather, make the public believe in, a monopoly in motors and the motor industry, had only to be examined for its rottenness to become self-evident (all attempts at monopoly, unless based on the quality of the article supplied, are, in any trade, sure to end in failure). Men of the Lawson type never understand this, and, so long as they can find fools who believe them, probably never will.

For the moment the man Lawson is played out, and no doubt he will

find it better to lie quiet until a few of the rotten concerns, to which we merely alluded last week, are quite forgotten; but, in all seriousness, is not some explanation due from Prince Ranjitsinhji and Mr. Thomas Humber as to how they allowed their names to be used? What did Prince Ranjitsinhji pay for the Indian patents of which he is described as "owner"? He made himself a party to asking the English public to pay £2,700,000 for the English patents, let him tell us at what price he acquired the corresponding rights for India.

As to Mr. Thomas Humber, his position is before the law courts, as we alone announced it would be, so that we are prevented from further commenting on it.

## NEW ISSUE.

The Maypole Company, Limited.—From this prospectus and from what we know of the business being done in the article with which the company deals, both classes of shares seem fair investments. The 7 per cent. preference cannot fail to be reasonably secure of their interest.

Saturday, Dec. 5, 1896.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor," *The Sketch*, Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

RUSTIC.—The market knows nothing about the Music and Arts Corporation, and we have been unable to obtain a quotation for the shares. We should not recommend the concern as an investment or a speculation.

M. W. W.—We answered your letter on the 2nd inst.

ORMSKIRK.—We sent you the name of the solicitor and his address on the 4th inst.

E. G. C.—You must follow your repudiation with a writ for rescission of contract if you wish to escape. To sit still will prove fatal.

W. W.—In the present state of the Mining Market a speculation in either company must partake of the nature of a gamble. If you will go in and take a small, quick profit, the West Australian venture may prove all right, but the coal concern, and certainly Oceanas, are better left alone.

SCOTIA.—We advise you to put no money into the hands of the firm you mention. See answer to Sceptic in our issue of Nov. 25.

ENQUIRER.—Your list is very good, except J. Lyons, which we would not touch; but the prices are very high in several cases. We should substitute Ely Brothers for Maples, *Lady's Pictorial* for J. R. Roberts, and Maxims for J. Lyons.

LOVER OF "SKETCH."—Letters cannot be answered in the next issue unless they arrive on the Friday previous to publication. It is very difficult to advise you what to do with the list of rubbish you send us. We should sell the lot if it were our own, but in such mines a lucky hit might raise the price of one sufficiently to make up all losses. Chaffers, and perhaps Murchison Goldfields, seem the only ones with a reasonable chance.

F. E. DE H. B.—We replied to your letters on the 1st inst.

COWBOY.—We would not let either of the people you mention have a penny of our money to play with.

C. B.—Why do you not adopt a *nom-de-guerre*? (1) Fairly safe. We prefer many safe home Industrial concerns. (2) Hold the stuff. We doubt a dividend for a long time, but upon any realisation of the assets it is probably worth more than the present quotation.

J. A.—See last answer. You will find it better to take what you can get rather than hold out for better terms.

H. W.—Thank you for your letter and enclosures. We could not get the shares at anything like the price you mention, and our London brokers gave us the information quoted in last week's *Sketch*. We bought a big block of shares at 19s., the cheapest price we could get them at, and are quite satisfied we shall get a good profit on the bargain. The concern is doing very well.

A. W. A.—The company is doing very well, and we advise you to hold your shares. We cannot say when a dividend will be paid, but we are told splendid profits are being made. As to the Hooley rumours, they are probably founded on fact, but premature.

H. W. F. M.—We can find nothing about the corn and wheat crop in *The Sketch* of Sept. 2 last.

INVESTOR.—"When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own." We really cannot enter into the merits of the squabbles between these three bucket-shop keepers. Put all their effusions into your waste-paper basket, and don't trust your money to any of them. Have you ever heard about "the pot calling the kettle black"?

OVERTURN.—The Corporation of British Investors (splendid name!) is controlled by Mr. Edward Beale, solicitor and bankrupt.

NIMO.—The Colonial Goldfields is not a bad concern, and certainly directed by good people. We should hold the shares for better times. If you want to see the price of the shares at any time, buy an *Australian Mail*.

J. S.—(1) The debentures depend on the Government guarantee for their interest, as the line is worked at a loss. (2) The same remark applies to this line. The whole question turns on the power of the Brazilian Government to pay, and neither debenture can be considered a very safe thing. (3) Ely Brothers or *Lady's Pictorial* 5 per cent. preference shares should suit you.

NOBODY.—We should hold the shares.

C. W. B.—We wrote to you on the 4th inst.

T. H. B.—(1) The present price is not *ex rights*, so that, if you sell, the purchaser will get whatever benefit there may be in the bonus. (2) There is no need to send in the certificate for alteration at present.

J. R. O.—We wrote you fully on the 5th inst.

J. D. P.—See answer to "Overturn." We can add nothing to the advice we gave you by letter.

IGNORAMUS.—Quite impossible to say. We shall be surprised if the concern turns out of value.

BARNIED.—You had better hold. The Barnato people are largely interested, and something will be done, no doubt, to make the shares better. If you can afford a bit more, buy a few to average; but it is a gamble on the chances of what Barney may do.

DELMERGE.—The office is safe enough; but, remember, the results given are of old policies, and the office does not guarantee the repetition of them. We know many people who have been disappointed because their policies have not yielded the same results as the specimens given in the company's advertisements.

BETH.—The office is first-rate.

SEESTU.—(1) No outsider has any control over the granting of a special settlement. In one case we know of we had to wait sixteen months to deliver some shares we had sold. The securities of this Brewery cannot be ranked as equal to those you mention. We will let you know price next week. (2) We think very well of the Mountain Copper Company. (3) Very fair, but you should take a reasonable profit when you can get it.

W. T. S.—We should hold all three, but the Mining Market is in such a state that prices may very likely go worse.